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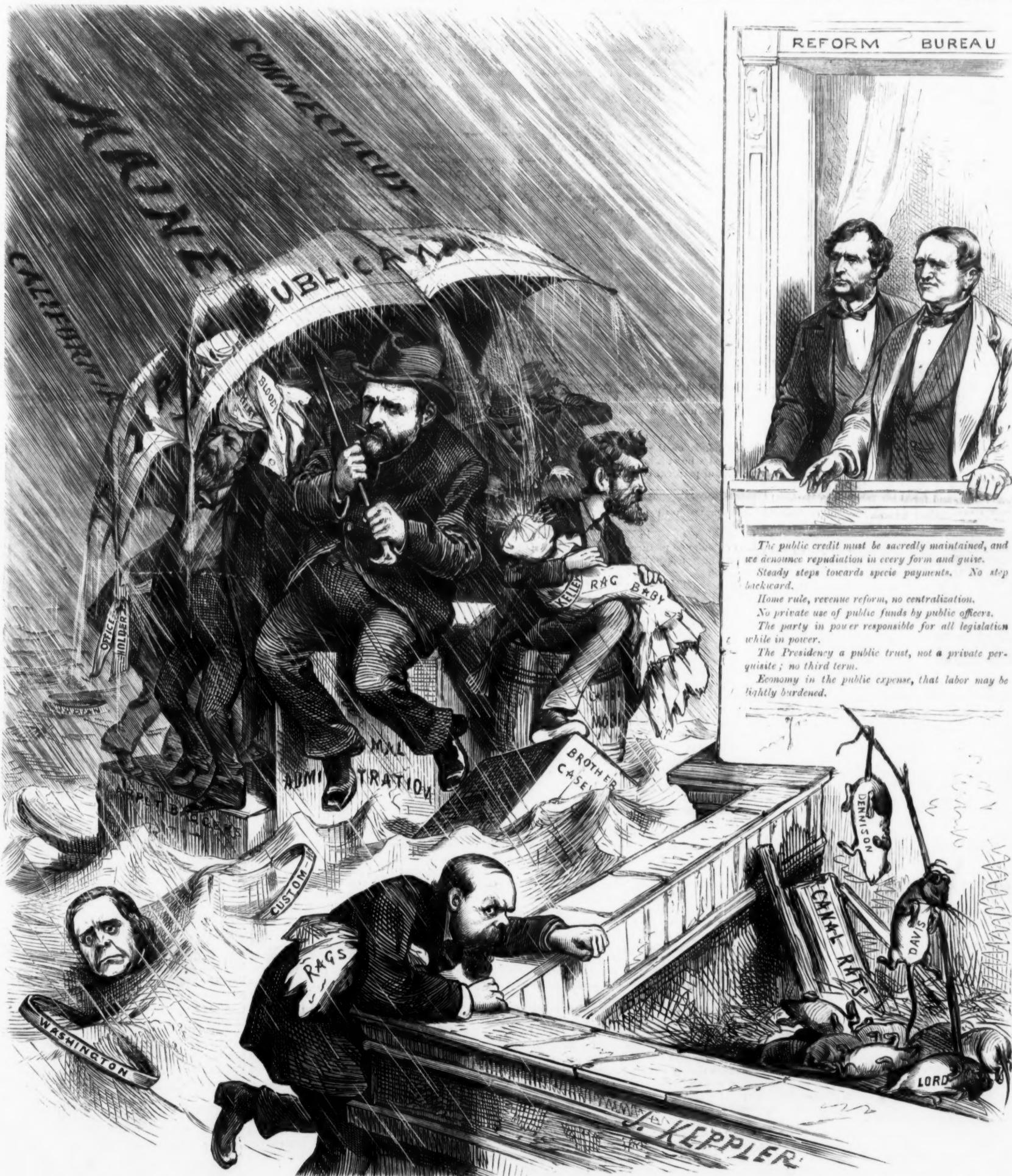
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE LATE TERRIBLE DEMOCRATIC STORM.

U. S. G.—What a sorry plight we are in! See what bad holes the storm has made in the umbrella! Blaine, can't you stop that one?

JAMES B.—"I am trying my best, but this Bloody Shirt won't do it; I am afraid we are all lost."

KELLEY—"Oh, my poor dear baby! It is getting very wet. It won't take much more to kill it."

TILDEN—"Ah, my men, 'Honesty is the best policy.' If your umbrella ever was of good firm stuff, it has become too rotten in your hands to protect you against this storm!"

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

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THE FINANCIAL PITFALL.

THE evil destiny of the Republican Party has made it a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence in all that pertains to the financial welfare of the American people. By the passage of the Act of February 25th, 1862, making United States notes a legal tender in payment of all debts except for duties on imports, the Republican majority in Congress perpetrated the most gigantic act of inflation and repudiation which has ever been essayed in the civil history of any country. By this Act the currency of the country was inflated to such a degree that at one stage of the process the purchasing power of a paper dollar was reduced to less than forty cents in specie, and yet under the construction given to this Act from the year 1862 to the year 1869 it was held that this depreciated currency was a legal tender for the discharge of debts incurred, as well before as after the passage of the law. And so it came to pass that obligations which had been contracted before the 25th of February, 1862, on the solid basis of the dollar, as measured by the standard of gold and silver, were liquidated in this wellnigh worthless rag-money, and by this Act the iniquity of a stupendous national repudiation was formally enshrined in the statute-books of the country, and brought home to the business and bosoms of all the people.

With the excuses which were offered at the time for the act of criminal folly which sacrificed the eternal principles of justice in obedience to considerations of a tempting and temporary expediency, we have nothing to do in this inquiry. It is with facts and with their necessary sequel that we purpose to deal.

At a subsequent stage of the great financial demoralization consummated by the Republican majority in Congress, it was determined to intensify the financial inflation already accomplished, and for this purpose the National Bank notes, issued on the faith of a public debt, were invented to swell the volume of our discredited paper currency. With the considerations which were held to justify the extinction of our State Banks and the substitution of National Bank notes for their issues, we also have nothing to do in the present discussion. The policy of that measure cannot for a moment be pleaded in extenuation of the financial unwise which has marked the subsequent legislation and general line of conduct prescribed to itself by the Republican Party in dealing with the acknowledged evils of our monetary situation.

Soon after the close of the war the Republican majority in Congress was seized with a spasm of honesty, and for a time entered boldly on the path which would have rapidly, but safely, conducted the nation to a resumption of specie payments. We refer to the passage of the Act of April 12th, 1866, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to receive Treasury notes and other obligations of the Government, whether bearing interest or not, in exchange for bonds, with a proviso that "of United States notes not more than ten millions of dollars should be canceled within six months from the passage of the Act, and thereafter not more than four millions of dollars in any one month." This spasm of virtue was not, however, destined to be of long continuance. The corrupt inflation sentiment which still predominated in the Republican majority soon regained the ascendancy which it had temporarily lost, and on the 4th of February, 1868, the Secretary of the Treasury was prohibited from taking any further steps by way of contracting the currency with a view to the resumption of specie payments.

So favorable had been the general tendency of the measures adopted by Secretary McCulloch, under the Act of 1866, that in his report to Congress, at its meeting in December of that year, he had expressed the opinion that specie payments ought to be resumed as early as July 1st, 1868. At the furthest, he said, "with favorable crops in 1868, and with no legislation unfavorable to contraction, resumption ought not to be delayed beyond January 1st, or July 1st, 1869."

How completely the inflation wing of the Republican Party has controlled the subsequent action of Congress and of the Treasury Department under this head is now a matter of history known to all men. In pursuance of this policy the decisions even of the Supreme Court of the United States have been wrested not only from the right line of honesty, but from the very appearance of public accuracy. We are able to state as a matter of our

own knowledge, derived from the lips of Chief Justice Chase himself, soon after the decision of the Court in the case of Hepburn, that the frantic opposition which that decision encountered at the hands of Mr. Secretary Boutwell and of President Grant excited even more of surprise than of indignation in his mind. When in 1869 the Court declared the United States notes were not admissible as a legal tender for debts contracted before the passage of the Act of 1862, it seemed to Chief Justice Chase that he had pronounced a decision which would be as welcome to the Administration on grounds of public policy as it was invincible on grounds of reason and of constitutional law. But the Administration at that date and the Republican majority in Congress had fully committed themselves to the policy of keeping the resumption of specie payments in a state of indefinite abeyance, for purposes of political aggrandizement and public corruption.

And from that day to this there has been no practical departure from the ruinous state of inflation to which the currency of the country had been expanded in the year 1869, and in which it has since been resolutely and persistently retained by the action of the Republican Party. In pursuance of this policy, the righteous decision of the Supreme Court in the Hepburn case has been reversed. In pursuance of this policy the canceled notes of the Treasury Department have been put afresh in circulation, at the stress of financial panics, in equal defiance of law and a sound public economy. In pursuance of this policy a delusive juggle of words was so framed at the last session of Congress as to palter in a double sense with this vital question of the hour—a juggle which "keeps the word of promise to the ear" by pledging a return to specie payments in 1879, but which "breaks it to the hope" by providing only for an additional inflation of the currency so far as the law shall have any effect at all. And Senator Sherman is now explaining this law to the people of Ohio in a sense which makes the monetary delusions of even Governor Allen comparatively respectable, because the latter are not complicated with hypocrisy and indirection.

The financial policy of the Republican Party is a very Slough of Despond, into which the political wisdom as well as the virtue and prosperity of the country have been remorselessly swept since the year 1862. If some luckless Democratic leaders have lost their footing in this worse than Serbonian bog, it is only an additional reason why the honest and enlightened masses of the country should combine to put the dangerous pitfall out of the way. But such a work can never be expected at the hands of the men who first dug the ditch, and who still keep it filled with the mire and dirt of political corruption.

OUR PALACE HOTELS.

IN another place in this paper we give a double-page picture of the famous Palace Hotel which has just been completed at San Francisco. Accompanying the picture will be found a detailed description of the immense edifice and of all its interior arrangements—a description at once minute and exhaustive, and sufficient to enable the ordinary reader to form a clear conception of the vastness, as well as the comforts and conveniences, of the greatest hotel ever built, in ancient or modern times, for the accommodation of the general public. Buildings as large have been reared and do exist; but for hotel purposes no edifice of the same dimensions was ever contemplated and brought to completion. The Palace Hotel is a natural outcropping of American life and habit. It would not have been thought of, if it could not have been built, by any other people, or in any other land. The Union and other hotels at Saratoga have long been objects of astonishment to strangers; but these are now completely put in the shade, dwarfed and rendered insignificant; and the Palace Hotel at San Francisco must be pronounced one of the wonders of modern times.

The hotel on a large scale has long been a peculiarly American institution. In it our people seek and find a suitable and congenial home. It was, at one time, thought that the taste for hotel life would diminish as the Republic advanced in years, as wealth increased, and as the people settled down in established centres of commerce, trade and industry. Facts, however, do not favor this expectation. Hotels in ever-increasing size multiply; and the natural inference is that the taste for hotel life is not only not diminishing, but rather growing with our growth and increasing with our strength.

One wonders, sometimes, why it should be so. It is not denied that the hotel has many special advantages. It secures much of the comfort of home, properly so called, without the cost and care and responsibility which are inseparable from the setting up and maintenance of a separate domestic establishment. It is, moreover, singularly adapted to the genius of the American people, among whom distinctions of class, however much coveted by some, are frowned down by the many. An American hotel, with its public dining room and parlors and its various other common conveniences, is a miniature representative of the Republic. At the hotel, one man is as good as another; and if only he is possessed of the requisite quantity of stamps, jack calls no man his master. The daughter of the peasant is on a footing of per-

fect equality with that of the President; and the tradesman's son, equally with the scion of the proudest family in the land, is permitted to enjoy in advance the honors and privileges of the sovereign citizenship of the Republic. At the same time it would be absurd to deny that hotel life has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. It is wanting in many of the higher elements and more endearing qualities of home in the good old-fashioned sense of the word. In the larger and more easy relationship begotten of the promiscuous crowd, the ties of the family circle become loosened. The family in fact, as such, with all its sweet endearments and hallowed joys, practically ceases to exist. Such scenes as those which Burns has made immortal in his "Cotter's Saturday Night" can scarcely be conceived in connection with the loose, promiscuous and irresponsible life of an American monster hotel. And most certainly it was not of hotel life that Howard Payne was thinking when he penned that sweetest of songs, "Home! Sweet Home!" How much that is sweet in life and literature comes from attachment to particular scenes, and from associations therewith connected; and how much of true patriotism in every age of the world has sprung from the sacred love of home in the strictest and narrowest sense! Then again, how much of that true affection which binds families together, making the interest of each the interest of all, is due to the close personal intercourse and minute observation possible only in the private home circle; and how much home example and home experience tend to the development of those virtues and graces which adorn the individual character, and which prove the best safeguard of the nation's weal! To the development of those healthful sentiments and to the cultivation of those virtues and graces it cannot be said that hotel life, as known among us, is in the highest degree favorable.

We have no desire to disesteem establishments which, for the present at least, and at some points, seem to be indispensable, or to discourage enterprises which are intended for the comfort and convenience of the public; but we cannot let go the opportunity of saying that if the money which is annually spent by our wealthier classes in hotels at the various Summer retreats were spent in building and maintaining rural villas, suitable for the accommodation of single families, the result would be an increase of family comfort and a positive gain to the community at large. Saratoga would not be the less be Saratoga, but, perhaps, rather the more, if her vast Summer population found accommodation in smiling villas on the sides of her beautiful hills or by the sparkling waters of her lovely lake.

As hotels are still a necessity, and as there is still a disposition to build them on a gigantic scale, it is gratifying to find that in this latest and grandest enterprise of the kind at San Francisco everything has been done to add to the comfort and to provide for the safety of the guests. In buildings so large, where thousands of people may be gathered together, and even sleeping under the same roof, fire is the monster most to be dreaded. At the Palace Hotel, fire, it would seem, is rendered all but impossible. This is well. Altogether, the Palace Hotel is worthy of San Francisco—a city which is destined to be the golden gate of communication between Asia on the one hand and America and Europe on the other.

PAUPER LABORERS OF EUROPE.

THERE is one phrase which we hope to see disappear from political discussion in the United States. The blackguard epithet, "pauper laborer of Europe" comes with very ill grace from any class of our citizens. The expression has heretofore done service as a catch phrase in favor of protection to American industry, home markets, and other delusions which have been imposed on our people. Whoever will take the trouble to-day to go through our manufacturing and mining regions will find that it is not becoming in our protectionists to indulge in sneers at the "pauper laborers of Europe." Poverty, idleness and dependence are not quite unknown in America.

But these pauper laborers of Europe, and particularly of England—let us see what they are able to buy of the United States. We find that in the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1874, we exported to foreign countries raw cotton to the value of \$211,000,000; wheat, wheat-flour and Indian corn to the value of \$159,000,000; bacon, beef, butter, cheese, lard, pork and tallow worth \$82,000,000; petroleum worth \$41,000,000, and tobacco worth \$33,000,000. Here is a total value in the few articles we have named of \$526,000,000 in currency, and nearly all of these thousands and thousands of shiploads went to feed the "pauper laborers of Europe."

"How is it possible," some one may ask, "for the pauper laborers to pay for all this food, clothing, light and tobacco?" It is quite true that we levy an outrageous tax on imports so as to prevent the laborers of Europe from paying us for what we send to them. If they were devils incarnate we could not tax the products of their labor more remorselessly. Nevertheless, the trade goes on in spite of the restrictions. We buy, as every one knows, vast quantities of tea from China, of sugar from Cuba, of coffee from Brazil,

and of tropical produce from India. The pauper laborers of Europe are in our debt for the wheat, corn, cheese, tobacco, etc., and we are in debt to China, Cuba, Brazil and India for tea, coffee, sugar, jute, and other tropical products. The pauper laborers send their manufactures to China, Cuba, Brazil and India, and thus wipe out both our debt and their own. Worse than that, they bring us out in debt to them in spite of our tariff.

It is in these dull times quite a comfort to our farmers to find in Europe every year a market for from fifty to seventy million bushels of wheat, as they have done for three years past. If the European laborers were really paupers, how could they ever have paid for the wheat? It—and the late Horace Greeley contemplated it as not impossible—we raised on our own soil all the tea, coffee, wine and tobacco, and made all our own manufactures, we could then sell nothing abroad, because there would be no way of getting paid for anything we might send out. We should have an abundance of poor tea, poor coffee, poor wine, bad tobacco and shoddy clothes, but we should long for a freedom of choice, and we should beg to be permitted to buy what suited our taste, whether it came from the hands of European pauper laborers or not. The truth is, that the "pauper laborers of Europe" are fellow-men, and we ought to treat them as brothers and not as enemies. The blood of every race in Christian Europe circulates in the veins of our citizens, and Americans will yet insist on the humane, prudent and Christian policy of trading on equal and just terms with every race and kindred, as suits their taste and interest.

THE TEXAS DISASTER.

ALL our latest accounts from the most trustworthy sources show that the recent storm in Texas was destructive in the extreme, and that the loss of life and property, as well as the amount of suffering induced, was rather under than over-stated. Indianola, a prosperous township, has been literally wiped out of existence, only five houses remaining to indicate the site. The reports vary as to the exact number of lives which have been lost; but it is not unsafe to conclude that very nearly four hundred persons belonging to Indianola alone have perished. Christian's Point, it is reported, has also been swept away. Most harrowing accounts are given of the destitute condition of the survivors; and what makes matters even more horrible to contemplate, bands of Mexicans, who have appeared upon the scene, are plundering the dead, and chopping the fingers off for the sake of the jewelry.

It appears that when the storm reached its climax, on the night of Thursday, Sept. 18th, the water in the city rose to the height of eight feet, and was driven before the wind at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the wind itself rushing on at the terrific speed of eighty eight miles an hour. Why was there not some way of warning those unfortunate people that the cyclone was at hand? If these sudden visitations are to be made upon our coast, the Signal Service giving no warning, people will be tempted to ask—What is the use of the Signal Service? It is very well to explain to us the laws of storms; but what is wanted from the Signal Bureau is a wise use of the knowledge of those laws. Most people will be of opinion either that the Signal Bureau is not what it pretends to be, or that it has been in this particular case singularly negligent in the discharge of its duty. Either the officials were aware of the approach of the cyclone or they were not. If they were not aware of its approach, the fault lay either with themselves or with the signal system. If with the signal system, then there must be something defective in that system. It is not what it is supposed to be. It is not what it pretends to be. If with the officials, then there must have been either ignorance or carelessness, and either must be regarded as reprehensible. A full investigation into this whole matter is necessary.

The disaster, however, has happened; and while care must be taken to prevent such occurrences in the future, our attention must not be diverted from the immediate sufferers. It is gratifying to find that the call for assistance is being promptly responded to. Boston has already sent her five thousand dollars. The example will be followed in all the large centres of population; and we may rest assured that New York, which is never backward when help is needed, will worthily do its duty. But there should be no delay. The people are homeless and in absolute want. What we intend to do, therefore, we should do at once. We shall rejoice to hear that the little town has again resumed something of its former activity.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

Monday.....116 1/4 @ 117 1/4 | Thursday.....116 1/4 @ 116 1/2
Tuesday.....116 1/4 @ 117 | Friday.....116 1/4 @ 116 1/2
Wednesday.....116 1/2 @ 116 1/4 | Saturday.....116 1/2 @ 116 1/2

WATCHWORDS.—According to the New York World, Hard Money, Free Trade, Home Rule and Administrative Reform are the watchwords of the old, the true, and the new Democracy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AT LAST!—Mr. Delano's resignation of the office of Secretary of the Interior has been accepted by President Grant, who, however, does not fail to say to the retiring Secretary: "I now believe that you have filled every public trust confided to you with ability and integrity." Needing all the consolation he can get, Mr. Delano must make the most of this farewell compliment.

THE WEST FARMS MYSTERY for a time threatened to remain, like so many others of late, unexplained and inexplicable, at least by the police. It does seem, however, as if the mystery were to be solved, and as if, in this case, the murderers would be brought to justice. The murder of the poor peddler must have been cold-blooded in the extreme. The three negroes now in custody will yet tell all.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the Establishment of Railways in England was celebrated at Darlington on the 26th of September by a grand procession, the unveiling of a bronze statue of Joseph Pease, and a grand banquet at which seven hundred guests were entertained. Congratulatory telegrams were sent during the banquet to all the railroad kings on the European continent, in America, Egypt and India. What a prodigious revolution has been wrought in modern life by the locomotive engine!

THE BELLE CENTRE MURDER CASE, the details of which have for some days shocked the public mind, has been brought to a speedy termination by an indignant public. About midnight, September 24th, Schell was forcibly taken from prison by the people, and without the law's delay hanged to tree. It is dangerous to recommend Lynch law, but it does sometimes seem to be justifiable. No one can be sorry when such a man as Schell is put out of the way. To have tried him would have been a waste of time.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT WORCESTER, September 22d, by its indorsement of Governor Gaston as their most available candidate for re-election, by their truly generous concessions to Liberals, and their shrewd bid for Republican votes, showed clearly that the Massachusetts Democracy has learned wisdom by experience. Knowing well that, as the Boston *Advertiser* (Rep.) says, no party could stand an hour on any other than a hard-money platform, it took unexceptionable ground in that respect. It has apparently consolidated its own forces, and by liberal overtures to the independent and floating vote has secured a hold upon it which will not be easily loosened.

"MEMORIAL ADDRESSES, delivered in the Senate by Henry B. Anthony, a Senator from Rhode Island." Such is the modest title of an exquisitely printed volume, embellished with fine steel engravings, and containing Senator Anthony's eloquent addresses in the Senate in memory of Stephen Arnold Douglas, John R. Thomson, William Pitt Fessenden, General Nathaniel Greene, Roger Williams, the Chevalier de Ternay, Charles Sumner and William A. Buckingham. Eulogies without flattery or exaggeration, these addresses happily blend the oratorical and historical elements, the dignified tone, pure taste and irreproachable style exacted by the difficult kind of rhetoric to which they belong.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR CURRENCY.—The plain truth is, that the Republican Party, so far from contracting the currency, has, since the accession of General Grant, almost continually expanded it. In support of this assertion the *New York Herald* refers to official tables, which show that we have today in circulation in round numbers, \$769,000,000 of paper money, while we had in 1873 but \$740,000,000; in 1872, only \$731,000,000; in 1871, but \$711,000,000; in 1870, only \$683,000,000, and so on. In 1868, the year before General Grant's accession, the currency amounted to \$678,000,000. Since that time, instead of being contracted, it has been steadily expanded to its present volume of \$769,000,000, with but two years in which there has been a trivial contraction—in 1869 of \$2,000,000, and in 1874 of \$8,000,000.

THE PRINCES OF THE HOUSE OF ORLÉANS AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—It is only a few days since the journal *La France* publicly announced, and in a manner the most unqualified, that the Orléans Princes were about to renounce all claims to the throne of France and declare for the Republic. The *Journal de Paris*, notwithstanding, denies the assertion thus made. We are not unwilling to give credence to the later view of the case. Renunciation of their rights would only have revealed the weakness of their faith, if not the desperation of their hopes, while it would not have advanced them one stage higher in the estimation of the Republicans. The prospect of the early dissolution of the Assembly absorbs public attention, as it is universally felt and admitted that with the dissolution of the Assembly will come a fresh crisis—a crisis which will determine the question whether the Republic is to continue or the Empire is to be restored.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, according to a special cable dispatch to the *New York Herald*, is about to make a tour around the world. The reason assigned by his friends is, that the tour is intended for purely educational purposes. Others, supposed to be in the secret, have it that the real purpose is to prevent the Bonapartists from taking any rash or premature action for a restoration of the dynasty in the present unfavorable shape of the public mind. The fact that such a rumor is afloat is proof sufficient of the excited and anxious condition of the political mind of France. Whether the Bonapartists intend to make any immediate demonstration, we know not; but it is well and widely known that they are extremely active and full of confidence. Even M. Gambetta, who expressed himself the other day to a correspondent of the *Vienna Presse* as indifferent and unconcerned about party divisions and Bonapartist and monarchical intrigues, admits that the Bonapartist Deputies might at least be doubled in the next Assembly. Such an admission by a man like Gambetta leaves us in little doubt as to the tone of feeling and the tendency of events.

GOVERNOR ALLEN AND THE BONDS.—Old Governor Allen of Ohio has become so infatuated with his success in preaching the rag-money gospel to the voters of Ohio, that he thinks, instead of paying the greenbacks, the Government ought to pay its bonds in greenbacks. A *Tribune* correspondent has interviewed him on the subject. The Governor declared that the bondholders were their own worst enemies for forcing such issues as the payment in gold. The correspondent was unwilling to take this for an answer, and asked the Governor if the payment of the gold bonds in greenbacks would be repudiation, to which the reply was that it would be repudiation of an act of Congress. "Would you call such a repudiation an act of bad faith?" continued the correspondent. "There was no good faith in the passage by Congress of that act of 1869," retorted the venerable William. "Well, if that act was not an act of good faith, would it be bad faith to repeal it?" "No," growled Governor Allen, and there the matter stands. The Ohio Democratic leaders would have been wiser had they not dragged these issues of inflation and repudiation into the campaign.

CRANE'S BONFIRE.—At the demonstration by New York Inflationists on the evening of September 23d, in the Cooper Union, in response to the call of the Legal Tender orators, most of the distinguished orators whose promised speeches had helped, with the display of limelights and a band of music, to attract a crowd, were conspicuous only by their absence. Hon. Edward Crane, of Boston, however, stepped into the gap, and in the course of his speech kindled this huge bonfire, thus: "We have to pay the debt. We go for paying that debt honestly—for paying it as we agreed to pay it, in gold and silver. But what? Can't we reduce that interest account? I say yes, and I would ask Congress—and I would knock at its door till it admitted me—I would ask Congress to pass an Act by which the whole national debt of the country shall be funded in 3.65 bonds. What is there then? We owe \$2,000,000,000. That is what we owe, and let us pay it like men. The interest is \$103,000,000. How can we reduce it? I would ask Congress to pass an Act funding that debt, and require the Secretary of the Treasury to sell the bonds at not less than par, receiving coin at par, fractional currency at par, and United States bonds at par. In addition, as soon as he receives the money he shall make a bonfire of it and cauce it. Burn it up, and then we won't have to pay it again." What a blaze it would make, to be sure!

SMASHING THE CANAL RING.—Governor Tilden, with the help of his Commission and law officers, is getting on finely with the business of breaking up the Canal Ring. First impressions that the whole business of canal management and repairs was rotten to the core have been more than confirmed by subsequent developments. George D. Lord, Thaddeus C. Davis, Alexander Barkley, James Jackson, Jr., William H. Bowman and Lewis J. Bennett are among the latest of those indicted and arrested on charges of bribery and conspiracy. The public, as in the cases of Tweed, Connolly, and the other members of the Tammany Ring, are already convinced that stealing on a big scale has been going on, but the lawyers having now been collected from the north, south, east and west, and the business having been taken into court, it is impossible to tell what will be the end of it. It would be agreeable to see some forty or fifty of the worst offenders tried, convicted, sentenced and serving out their time in the prisons, but where there is so much law, and so much money, and so many lawyers, and so many courts, it is exceedingly difficult to corner the miscreants. Nevertheless we have confidence in the Governor, and we are sure there would not be so much "squealing" among the canal rats if there was no danger. Voluntary confession and restitution, except where very small sums are involved, is not so common as it is edifying. Assistant Attorney-General Fairchild is the Democratic candidate for Attorney-General to succeed Judge Pratt, which makes the canal thieves feel blue, as Mr. Fairchild is young, vigorous, able, fearless, and incorruptible.

FRANK LEE BENEDICT, author of "Miss Dorothy's Charge," has won fresh laurels with his "St. Simon's Niece," which the severest London critics unanimously praise as a very remarkable book, entitling its author to take his place among the leading writers of fiction of the day. The London *Graphic* declares that in this admirable novel Mr. Benedict has more than fulfilled the promise he showed in "Miss Dorothy's Charge." Large as is the assortment of characters we meet in its pages, it is not too much to say that not one of them is drawn feebly or hazily, but each stands out vividly and true to nature. The central figure, Fanny St. Simon, "is a creation of true insight," says the *London Spectator*, which adds: "Mr. Benedict is a real dramatist, as this story of a girl, passionate, unprincipled, scheming and worldly, and of her lover, not ambitious nor particularly worldly, but self-indulgent and unscrupulous, amply proves; told, as it is in language that could scarcely be more expressive if it were that of personal experience, and with an interest that is as unflagging as it is painful throughout the whole three volumes. We don't remember any picture of the unregenerate, natural man—if we may be allowed the expression of a young woman—more powerful than this of Fanny St. Simon, with impulses of mixed good and bad, but without principle and with only enough propriety to keep her tolerably straight before the world." The *Spectator* concludes a long and laudatory notice of "St. Simon's Niece" by saying that whether Mr. Benedict be English or American, it rejoices to recognize in him a new novelist of real genius, who knows and depicts powerfully some of the most striking and overwhelming passions of the human heart.

THE AERIAL LADDER DRAMA.—The examination into the casualty by which three firemen lost their lives while experimenting with the aerial ladder recently adopted by the New York Fire Department reveals a curious and complicated state of affairs. Some years ago, Miss Mary Belle Scott, of Chicago, a

pretty and thrifty young lady of musical inclinations, went to Europe to perfect her studies. There she met and married Michael Uda, editor of a newspaper in Naples. There also she met Paolo Porta, inventor of a patent aerial ladder, which seemed to promise rich returns to whoever could successfully introduce it in the United States. Mrs. Uda saw her opportunity for fame and fortune. The patent was assigned to her by the inventor, on condition that she would share with him one-half the profits. As Mrs. Uda, like the wives of the majority of editors, was poor, she borrowed money from some Italian gentleman and embarked for New York. Here her beauty, wit and accomplishments stood her in good stead. She captivated Mayor Havemeyer at once, and made him her friend. Who would not listen to the persuasive eloquence of a pretty woman? Next she attacked the Fire Commissioners, and they succumbed. Her ladder was approved, and she was to receive \$25,000 for it. The warrant was drawn, and presented to Mr. Green. And here was a coil at once. The Comptroller refused to pay. He did not seem to be a lady's man. He continued obdurate. Worn out, at last Mrs. Uda sold her rights to Mr. William B. White, then Secretary of the Board of Fire Commissioners, for the sum of \$15,000. Shortly afterwards the claim was paid, with interest, and Mr. White turned a handsome penny by it. But it cost him his office. Because of his being engaged in the transaction, the Commissioners displaced him, and gave his position to another. This was not the end of Mrs. Uda's troubles, however. The inventor's lawyer came forward and asked for his share of the profits. The lady, thereupon, said that her expenses for travel, board, lawyers and labor had been so large, that only \$3,000 remained in her hands, of which she offered a moiety to the attorney. He declined the proffer, and began a suit for a larger share of the profits, and at the same time he sent a notification to every city in the Union, stating that Mrs. Uda was not authorized to dispose of the patent, which was still the property of the original inventor, Paolo Porta. This would seem to be trouble enough, but more was to follow. The calamity at Canal Street and East Broadway, on September 14th, capped the climax. The whole transaction could fit ending in a work of death. It has thrown a cloud over all who have had anything to do with it, from first to last. Whether the ladder will now be thrown aside as useless it is impossible to say. But the moral of this little history goes to show that women are not best adapted to the work of the lobbyist. Even if they are successful, it does not pay. In the end they lose more than they gain.

THE BLACKMORE MUSEUM AT SALISBURY—A NEW PROJECT OF ITS DISTINGUISHED FOUNDER.—One of the most agreeable trips by which the British Association for the Advancement of Science relieved its recent meeting in Bristol was made on the "excursion day," September 2d, when a hundred members visited Salisbury and Stonehenge. Of course Salisbury Cathedral and the "unsolved enigma" of Stonehenge received their full share of interest, but frequent allusions to the precious treasures of the Blackmore Museum by several speakers at the elegant breakfast in the Council House, to which the Mayor of Salisbury invited his scientific guests, showed how deeply they had been impressed by what they saw at the Museum. On arriving at Salisbury, the tourists were met at the station by the Mayor, (Mr. S. R. Atkins) Mr. E. T. Stevens, and other leading citizens. The party were then conducted to the Blackmore Museum, which in early flint implements and hatchets is said to be unrivaled. The building, which was opened in 1867, is extensive and admirably fitted for its purpose. It was built and endowed by Mr. William Blackmore, a citizen of Salisbury and an eminent promoter of high-class education. The American collection of Indian weapons of war, arrows, and spears, was highly eulogized for its extent and completeness by one of the visitors, General Carrington of the United States Army. General Carrington concluded his speech at the Mayor's breakfast by saying: "In 1867, after the American War had closed, he was on service on the plains—and he had had some hard service, having been one year on crutches—and having gone back to Colorado, a telegraphic message came to him from then Lieutenant-General Sherman, but now General Sherman—a position answering to the rank of the Duke of Cambridge in the English Army— instructing him to pay attention to Colonel Bridges of the Guards, and Mr. Blackmore, who were then on a visit—(applause)—and that besides showing them all courtesy they were especially to have a buffalo hunt. (Laughter.) He received them with an escort, and the hospitality he bestowed in those days simply in his official capacity had been infinitely repaid by the kindness he had received on his present visit to Salisbury. Mr. Blackmore had, more than any living man, aided the people of the United States to a knowledge of their own red men, and he could not leave the town without being allowed to propose the health of that gentleman." (Applause.) Mr. William Blackmore, in the course of his response to this toast, said: "The great lesson which I conceive is taught by the collection is that of progress—of gradual advancement from a low and degraded to more perfect state of civilization. And here I may be permitted to remark that it has been my lot within the last twelve months to realize practically the degraded condition in which the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, resembling in many respects our predecessors whose flint instruments and remains we have to-day seen in the Museum, can exist and eke out a miserable existence. During the last Autumn, on the banks of the South Platte, in the United States, and not far from Fort Sedgwick, where I first had the pleasure of meeting my friend and our visitor today, General Carrington, I was the guest of a band numbering some 1,500 of the Ogallala Sioux. There, in lieu of sitting down to such an elegant banquet as that which through the liberality and hospitality of our Mayor has been provided for us to day, the chief and greatest delicacies which were placed before me were stewed puppy and roasted skunk. (Laughter.) The contrast, however, be-

tween the repast of to-day and my dinner on the Platte with the Indians was not so great as the relative condition of the white women of the United States and that of the miserable Indian squaws; who are the mortal slaves and drudges of their red masters, perform all the labor and hard work, not only in the camp but on the march, and whose lives are passed in toiling and working whilst their lords and masters are smoking and otherwise amusing themselves in indolent laziness. But, returning again to the great lesson which I have desired to teach, namely, that of *progress*, I may here state that whilst what I have done in the *Old World* has been *not* restricted to the records of the past, yet in the *New World*—in that great West which I love so well, nearly midway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, in one of those lovely upland valleys or parks, situated under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, where the beautiful scenery and exquisite climate, combined with extreme fertility of soil, render life most enjoyable and healthful, I, in conjunction with some of my American friends, am about to establish a college which shall, irrespective of nationality or creed, be open to the young men of all countries, where they will receive the best possible education in physical and mechanical science." To all friends of education, and particularly to Americans, the announcement of this new project of the founder of the Blackmore Museum is alike interesting and important.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

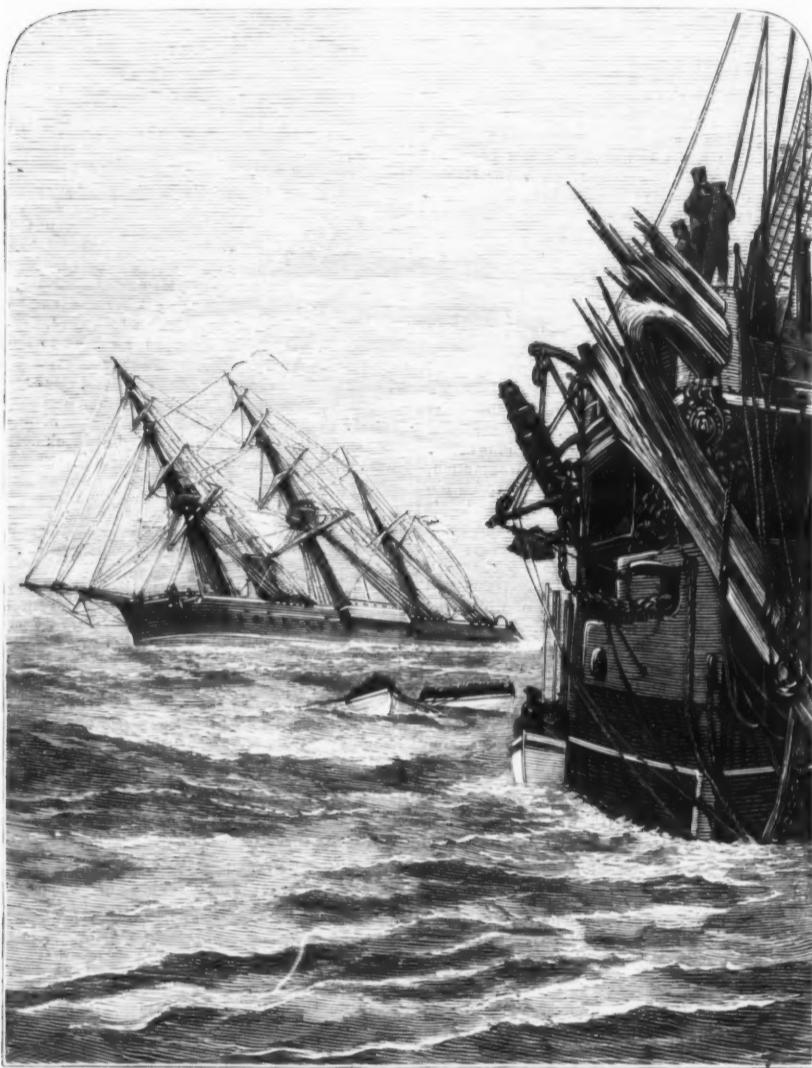
DOMESTIC.

THE JURY in the case of Westervelt, charged with complicity in the Charlie Ross abduction, brought in a verdict of guilty upon three counts. . . . Ex-Harbor Commissioner John Marks, of San Francisco, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for embezzlements. . . . The trial of the St. Louis Whisky Ring leaders began. . . . An appeal to aid the Centennial was made to New York banks. . . . A horse epidemic broke out in New York. . . . The National Insurance Convention was held in New York city. . . . Governor Ames of Mississippi replied to Attorney-General Pierrepont that he was powerless to protect. . . . The Red Cloud Commission took a vacation of ten days to prepare the report. . . . The hurricane in Texas, besides creating much damage at Galveston, swept away the town of Indianola. . . . Bishop Cox opened the annual Convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Western New York at Lockport. . . . Charles G. Fisher, son of the late District Attorney of Washington, was committed to jail for stealing public documents. Maine and Nebraska opened their State fairs. . . . The New York State Liberal Republican Convention met at Albany, but made no nominations. . . . The semi-centennial of American Homeopathy was celebrated at New York. . . . Governor Gaston was renominated by the Massachusetts State Democratic Convention at Worcester. . . . A third State ticket was put in the field in Maryland. . . . The annual session of the Grand Lodge of the United States I. O. O. F. was held at Indianapolis, Ind. . . . The loss of life by the recent Texas storm is put down at 400. . . . The statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, presented by a party of English gentlemen to the State of Virginia, was formally received at Richmond by Governor Kemper. . . . A schoolboy fight occurred in Cincinnati on the 23d, on account of sectarianism on the school question. . . . Governor Ames of Mississippi began organizing the State militia. . . . An effort is being made in the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina to have the disabilities of Governor Holden removed. . . . "General" Joseph Morris, charged with instigating the recent attempt at insurrection among the negroes of Middle Georgia, was arrested. . . . Daniel Magone, Jr., was elected Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York. . . . George D. Lord, an ex-Assemblyman, placed on trial for bribery in the Hand award frauds, a part of the New York canal swindle, pleaded the statute of limitations. . . . The annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York State was held at Newburgh. . . . A genuine case of yellow fever was discovered in the Brooklyn City Hospital. . . . Charges were preferred to Mayor Wickham against Police Commissioners Matsell and Disbicker. . . . President Grant accepted the resignation of Secretary Delano. . . . A plot to massacre the Black Hills Commission was frustrated by a band of friendly Indians. . . . The Syndicate of the Bank of California was organized on the 26th. William Sharon was elected President.

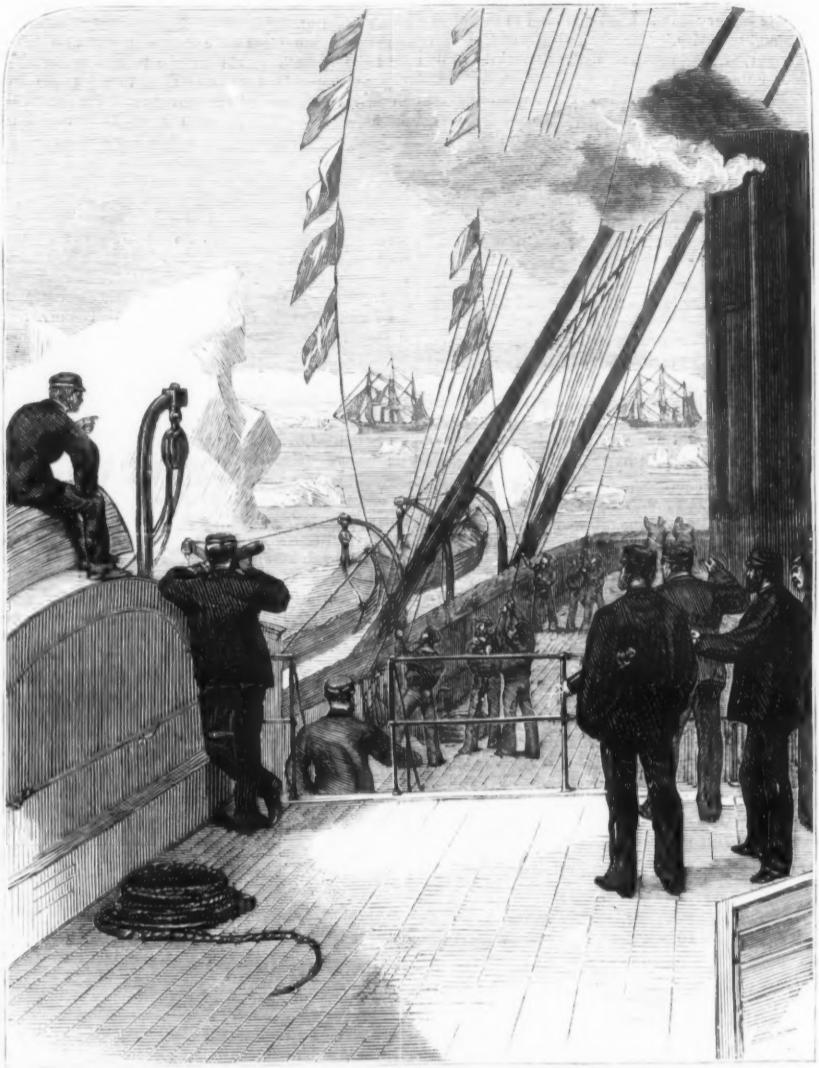
FOREIGN.

THREE THOUSAND CARLISTS crossed the French frontier. . . . Russia will recognize Sade as the Khan of Khokand in place of his father. . . . A Synod of Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops was held at Maynooth, Ireland. . . . The King of Holland opened the States-General. . . . General Dorregaray was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Carlist Army, and established his headquarters in the Province of Guipuzcoa. . . . An iron company operating twenty-six furnaces and rolling mills at Stockton upon-Tees (England) suspended. . . . The United States steamer *Pawtucket* was ordered to Hayti to protect Minister Bassett, whose life was threatened for secreting the insurgent General Canal in his house. . . . M. Thiers was presented by the French residents of Genoa with a silver cup. . . . The French Cabinet will propose the abolition of the system of voting by departments, and an overthrow of the ministry is probable in consequence. . . . The Russian troops occupied Khokand, the Khan accepting all the conditions of peace. . . . Another large quantity of gold was shipped from London to the United States. . . . Only 800 Carlists entered France, instead of 3,000. . . . A German journalist was sentenced to five months' imprisonment for publishing an article against Bismarck. . . . The Mechanics' Bank of Montreal suspended on account of the discovery of serious defalcations. . . . Reinforcements to the amount of 18,000 men were ordered for Cuba. . . . Prince Adelbert, uncle of the King of Bavaria, died at Munich, aged 47. . . . A Spanish ministerial circular urges the union of monarchists of all grades in the approaching elections. . . . The Emperor of Brazil asked the Chamber of Deputies to sanction a visit to Europe and the United States. . . . The Duc Decazes, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, had a secret interview with Prince Gortschakoff in Switzerland. . . . Count Von Arnim's case is fixed for October 17th, and it is thought likely his first sentence will be confirmed. . . . Dr. Horatio Stone, the American sculptor, died at Carrara, Italy. . . . The Servian War Minister ordered five batteries and four battalions of infantry to the Bosnian frontier. . . . Montenegro and Servia notified the powers of their strict neutrality. . . . Dervish Pasha entered the village of Piva, near Travnick, with nine battalions of Turkish troops. . . . The British war steamer *Serapis* sailed for Brindisi, Italy, where the Prince of Wales will embark for his Indian trip. . . . It was reported in Cuba that the United States had protested to Spain against sending further reinforcements to the island. . . . Ireland put in a claim for a separate section at the Centennial for its products and industries as distinct from the British. . . . The Prince Imperial of France is to make a tour of the world. . . . It is thought that Castellar will stand for the Spanish Cortes as a supporter of liberal monarchy. . . . The Pope appointed several French and Spanish Bishops.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 71.



IN THE IRISH CHANNEL.—SINKING OF H. M. S. "VANGUARD."



THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—THE "VALOROUS" PARTING WITH THE "ALERT" AND "DISCOVERY." THE FAREWELL.



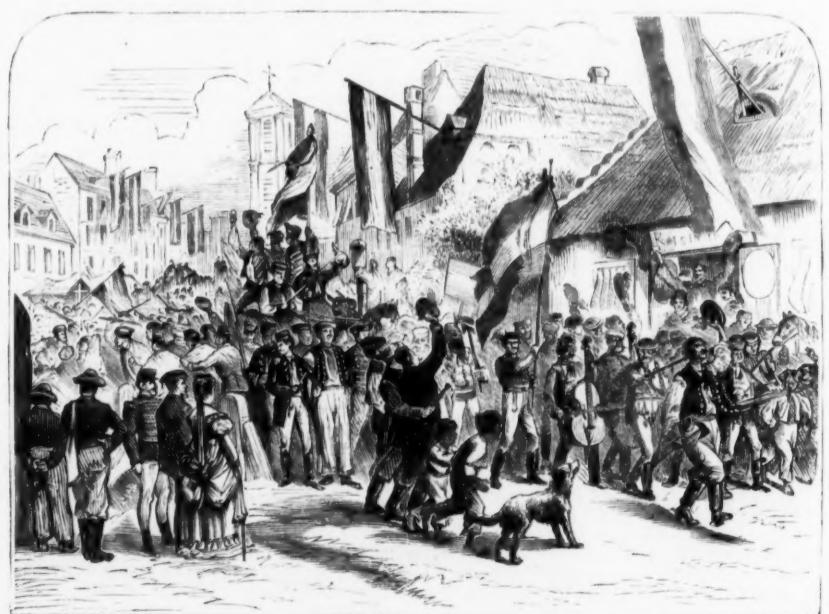
GERMANY.—A CABINET COUNCIL IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE, BERLIN.



THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—WATERING FROM AN ICEBERG.



THE TROUBLES IN HERZEGOVINA.—CAPTURE OF DRATSCHEWO AND DOLJANE, JULY 31ST, BY A DETACHMENT OF THE OTTOMAN ARMY.



AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—A SCENE AT THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

WARREN LELAND,

LESSEE OF THE PALACE HOTEL.

WARREN LELAND, of the renowned hotel firm of Leland Brothers, was born in Landgrove, Bennington County, Vt., September 15th, 1828. His father was a stage proprietor and hotel-keeper, and employed his vacant time by practicing law. The family removed to Chester, where Warren attended the Academy until his fifteenth year. A motto of the old gentleman with his boys was, "Work, or go to school." Leaving school in 1844, Warren came to New York, where his elder brothers, Simeon and Charles, were engaged in the hotel business, one at the Clinton Hotel in Beekman Street, the other at the Bond Street House, Broadway. He became a clerk at the Bond Street House, at a salary of ten dollars a month. It was not long before he went to Cleveland, and engaged as clerk with his brother William, who had embarked in the drygoods business in that city. Warren was still restless, and only a year passed when, at the age of seventeen, he made a tour of all the Western States and Territories. Simeon had now bought out the Clinton Hotel, and, in the Spring of 1846, Warren returned to New York, and became a clerk at that establishment.

On the 15th of December, 1848, he sailed for California, in the ship *Florence*, the first vessel that left after the reports of the gold discoveries. The passage, around Cape Horn, occupied six months, which time Mr. Leland embraced for a course of reading and study, there being an excellent library on board the ship. In 1849, Mr. Leland established the *Pacific News* at San Francisco, and realized in the enterprise, in company with another party, one hundred thousand dollars, or fifty thousand each. He took an active part in the organization of the State of California, and subsequently traveled on horseback over much of that region.

Mr. Leland returned to New York in the Spring of 1850, and joined his brother Charles in the purchase of the Clinton Hotel, from his brother Simeon, who then retired from business.

Two years later, Warren joined his brothers, Simeon, William and Charles, in leasing the Metropolitan Hotel, then just constructed, and furnished it at an outlay of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In 1852 all the leading hotels were down-town, and it was considered a great risk on the part of the Lelands to attempt to establish one so far up-town.

In the Spring of 1864, Warren joined his brothers William and Charles in another great hotel enterprise. He united with them in the purchase of Union Hall, Saratoga Springs, which, with subsequent purchases, etc., and improvements, including the Leland Opera House, involved an expenditure of over half a million of dollars. The success of the Union Hotel, under the management of the Lelands, was unparalleled. As many as fifteen hundred guests were accommodated at one time, with nothing lacking in the comforts, luxuries



WARREN LELAND, LESSEE OF THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

and attentions expected at a first-class fashionable hotel.

In the Fall and Winter of 1864, Mr. Leland made a tour of four months through the gold and silver regions of the United States, and overland to California, Oregon, etc., and back. He was charged with a special Government mission, and traveled in company with that well-known and indefatigable Plains and Rocky Mountain man, Colonel Ben Holliday.

From his personal appearance any one would be ready to proclaim that Warren Leland "Knows How to Keep a Hotel." He is above the average height, broad-shouldered, robust and healthful. Strong and vigorous in physical constitution, he has clear, intelligent perceptions, and unbounded energy. His practical business talents have reduced hotel-keeping to as perfect a system as it can be brought, and his various hotel enterprises, we are happy to add, have resulted in Mr. Leland's achieving a handsome if not an independent fortune.

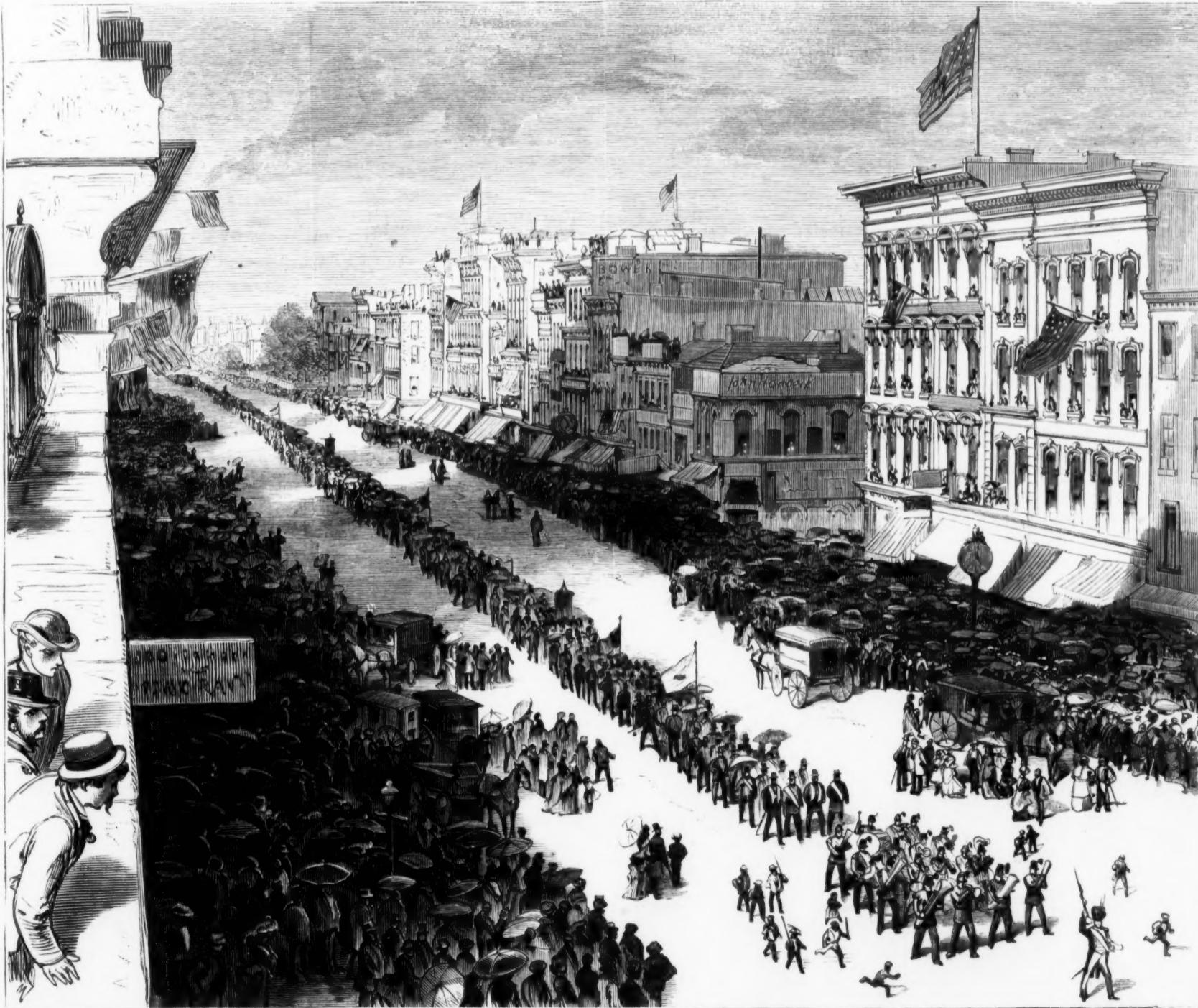
ANNUAL SESSION OF GRAND LODGE
OF ODD FELLOWS.

THE Fifty-first Annual Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States Independent Order of Odd Fellows, was held in Indianapolis, Ind., last week, beginning on Monday, Sept 20th. The Odd Fellows' Temple had been previously prepared for the Grand Conclave, and the published intention of the citizens to give the officers and delegates a handsome reception made that edifice an object of considerable interest during the secret sessions.

The M. W. Grand Sire, M. J. Durham, of Kentucky, presided, and after the examination and prayer of the Grand Chaplain, the Rev. J. W. Venable, the Grand Lodge was declared open for business. Reports were submitted from the Grand Sire, the Grand Treasurer, and the Grand Secretary, showing the condition of the Order, after which the usual committees were appointed, and the Lodge closed to enable the members to participate in the exercises of the civic reception.

In the afternoon a grand procession was formed of the visiting brethren, and the local lodges and encampments that volunteered as escort, and, making a short march through the streets, entered the Academy of Music. The parade was the grandest public demonstration ever witnessed in Indianapolis. Fully ten thousand Odd Fellows in regalia were in procession. The uniformed Patriarchs from St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville attracted special attention. Governor Hendricks welcomed the Grand Lodge to the State, and Mayor Caven to the city. Senator Morton, Past Grand Master, conveyed the congratulations of the Grand Lodge of the State, and ex-Vice-President Colfax those of the Grand Encampment and the Rebekah Degree Lodges. Grand Sire Durham responded in behalf of the Grand Lodge. The ceremonies concluded with prayer, and the members re-formed in line and marched to the Temple.

In the evening the local organizations gave a



INDIANA.—MEETING OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES I. O. O. F. IN INDIANAPOLIS.—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH WASHINGTON STREET ON THE WAY TO THE ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE.
FROM SKETCHES BY J. B. BEALE, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SALTER.

reception to James L. Ridgely, the venerable Grand Secretary, in the large hall of the Temple.

The membership as reported up to December 1st last, was as follows:

Grand Lodges.....	46
Grand Encampments.....	38
Subordinate Lodges.....	5,97
Subordinate Encampments.....	1,630
Lodge Members.....	43,870
Encampment Members.....	83,445

The following are the items of the past year's work, by the subordinate lodges:

Number of weeks benefits paid.....	179,269
" " widowed families relieved.....	5,970
" " brothers buried.....	3,878
" " brothers relieved.....	38,322

Amount paid for relief of brothers.....	\$93,751 45
" " widowed families.....	160,883 99
" " education of orphans.....	16,786 15
" " burying dead.....	223,545 61
" " special relief.....	36,145 57

Total Lodge relief..... \$1,371,314 77

The Encampment or Patriarch Lodge has paid during the same period:

Number of weeks benefit.....	23,870
" " widowed families relieved.....	215
" " Patriarchs relieved.....	5,887
" " Patriarchs buried.....	731

Amount paid for relief of Patriarchs.....	\$124,425 01
" " widowed families.....	9,987 54
" " education.....	79 68
" " burying dead.....	22,477 82
" " special relief.....	1,579 31

Total Encampment relief..... \$158,549 36

A WAIL.

BY PROTEUS.

I LONG have had a quarrel set with Time, because he robbed me. Every day of life was wrested from me after bitter strife. I never yet could see the sun go down but I was angry in my heart, nor hear the leaves fall in the wind without a tear over the dying Summer. I have known no truce with Time, nor Time's accomplice, Death. The fair world is the witness of a crime Repeated every hour. For life and breath are sweet to all who live; and bitterly the voices of these robbers of the heart Sound in each ear and chill the passers by. What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time? What have we done to Death that we must die?

AN EVICTION.

MARY, Mary! do you hear what the neighbors say—that we're all going to be evicted?" cried Denis Connor, entering his cabin one evening towards the end of October, and sitting down dejectedly; while Mary, his wife, looked up from her work in blank dismay.

" What do you mean, Denis?" she asked. " Sure, we don't owe a penny of rent, and if the Lord spares us our health, we'll remain so."

" It's too true, I'm afraid. O Molly, it'll break my heart to leave the old place; and what'll you and Oona do?" and the old man rocked himself to and fro, and moaned bitterly.

" Whist, Denis, dear," Mary said, gently placing her hand on her husband's shoulder, " there's some mistake, ye may be certain. His Honor could not mean to turn us out, for sure there's no decent poor people on all the property than the neighbors. It isn't like as if we were living entirely on the land, and couldn't pay the rent. His Honor couldn't mean to evict us, Denis."

But His Honor did mean to evict them, as they learned formally a few days after; the entire village of Cloonabeg was to be swept away.

It was a wild, bleak spot on the west coast of Ireland, not many miles from the ancient "City of the Tribes." The village consisted of a long straggling row of cabins, on the edge of a common, and within a stone's throw of the sea. The inhabitants of Cloonabeg were fishermen, poor, simple, honest, hard-working people, who had been born in the cabins they dwelt in, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, and knew little of the world beyond. They all had the right of the common—on the other side of which stood the village of Cloonamore, a much more important place, which boasted the possession of a police barrack, a chapel and a national school. There was little intimacy between the inhabitants of the two villages. The Cloonamore people were farmers, comfortable as farmers go in the west of Ireland, where they have to toil, and toil continually, to make the wretched land produce anything. They were very jealous of their neighbors down by the seaside, who paid far less rent, and on the whole seemed not only to work less, but to be more comfortable. The fishermen were quiet, proud, reserved people, who lived entirely to themselves, helping each other in difficulty, consoling each other in trouble, and taking little interest in anything save the coming and going of the boats of fish.

They spent their evenings, when not out on the bay, with their wives; and it was pleasant to see them sitting outside their cabin doors, smoking their pipes, or mending their nets and sails—the men in their rough home-knit blue guernseys, the women in their scarlet jackets. They were very poor, but then their wants were few, and they were contented and happy in their simple way.

Denis Connor was considered the most comfortable man in Cloonabeg. He had a son in America, who often sent him money; and a daughter married to a fishmonger in Galway, who was considered almost a merchant. One other child he had, Oona, a pretty golden-haired girl, the pet of the whole village.

In the next cabin to Denis Connor's lived a very old woman, named Merrick; poor Judy she was called, for she had had many troubles in her lifetime. Her husband and only son were drowned twenty years before, trying to save the crew of a brig which struck on "Marguerite's Rock." Young Merrick left a wife, who died a few months after, and one sickly little boy. Poor Judy took the child, and managed to bring him up and keep a roof overhead by constant hard work. She assisted the neighbors in their housework, who paid her in kind; and made and mended nets for any of the men who could afford to pay her a trifle just sufficient to pay the rent. For fifteen years Judy toiled late and early, and then her grandson Willie was old enough to take his father's boat and nets and earn his living, and support his grandmother. A fine, handsome, manly lad was Willie Merrick, full-chested, clear-eyed, and supple-sinewed like the majority of the hardy sons of the seacoast.

In the market, every one liked to buy his mackerel and haddock, not only because they could depend on whatever he offered for sale being genuinely good and moderate in price, but

they liked the look of his honest face and clear hazel eyes, and the sound of his hearty voice.

Mrs. Merrick was proud of her grandson, and not without some reason, for he was a universal favorite, and deserved to be.

A few evenings after Denis Connor had told his wife of the threatened eviction, Oona, his daughter, was sitting with Willie Merrick on the stone seat outside old Judy's cabin. There was no "take," and the men were all about the beach attending to the drying of the nets, or watching a little boat which was making for the quay against wind and tide.

" She'll never get in, Oona, if they don't tack more to the eastard," Willie said. " Oh, if I had a boat like her, wouldn't I be happy!"

" Aren't ye happy as ye are, Willie?" Oona asked. " Ye told me the other night that ye was the happiest boy in Cloonabeg, or Cloonamore either."

" So I am, darling," Willie said, looking tenderly at the fair saucy face beside him; " but I'll be happier when yer my own intirely. When is it to be?"

" Whenever ye like, Willie; father and mother are willing, and yer granny is teasing me every day. Sure, we're all as one as married, aren't we, Willie?"

" Yes, darlin'; but I want the priest to speak the words, and put this on yer *weeby* little finger;" and young Merrick pulled from his pocket a canvas bag, from the furthest corner of which he pulled a wedding-ring.

" This Shrovetide, then, Willie," Oona whispered with a blush. " Now, I must go in, as mother'll be wanting me. Is that the agent gone into Martin Gill's, Willie? I didn't think it was rent-day yet."

" Yes, faix, it is, Oona, and it wants a week yet to the half-year;" and Oona went into the house, while Willie went to see what the people were gathering into groups for, and talking so mysteriously about. A very few words served to explain the object of the agent's visit. He had come, accompanied by the bailiff, to serve "notice to quit" on every house. " His Honor the landlord wanted the place cleared down," was all the reason he gave. It was a sad thing to walk through the village of Cloonabeg that evening, and go from house to house with the agent. Everywhere he said the same thing: " Ye must clear out; His Honor wants the place. I'll forgive ye half this half-year's rent all around, and give ye till the 1st of January to get away. But remember the men 'll be here on New Year's Day to pull down these dens."

By the time they had reached Denis Connor's the whole village—men, women and children—were after them, crying bitterly, and Judy Merrick came to ask what the matter was.

" It's evicted we are—served with notice to quit, Judy," Mary Connor said, quietly. " It isn't easy to leave the place we were bred and born in, and go out on the world. But God's good; cheer up, Denis aric."

" What does she mean, Denis Connor?" Judy cried. " Is it that they're goin' to dispossess ye to turn ye out of the cabin ye were born in, and ye father and grandfather before ye?"

" Yes, ma'am; that's exactly what we mean," the bailiff said. " I'm going to serve you next."

" Serve me! evict me! turn me, an old woman of three-score and ten, out on the roadside!" Judy screamed. " No! I was born in that cabin; my father lived and died in it; my ancestors were the first that ever raised a stone of Cloonabeg. Old Judy, poor Judy, Judy Merrick, ye may call me, but I'm Julia O'Brien, and in the cabin I've lived in there I'll die."

" We'll see about that," the bailiff sneered, and Judy rushed out, and knelt down at her door-step. " The first one of ye that crosses here will have to walk over me!" she shrieked; but the bailiff advanced, and laying his hand on her shoulder, gave her a printed form, and said, jeeringly:

" You're served, Mrs. Merrick; and I'd take it easier, if I were you. Come on, sir!" he added, turning to the agent, who was examining the condition of the house.

Judy Merrick stood up, and looked at the notice in her hand, and then advanced to the agent's side. " Mr. Hayes, sir," she said, slowly, " I'm to be out of this cabin or the 1st of January, amn't I?"

" Yes; and see that you are," Mr. Hayes replied.

" Where am I to go to, sir?"

" My good woman, that's nothing whatever to me," he said, shrugging his shoulders; " go wherever you like."

" You know, sir, that in Cloonamore one of us can't get bit, nor sup, nor lodging, for love or money, even if we had that same. Where'll we go to, Mr. Hayes, sir—will ye ask His Honor that?"

" That's nothing whatever to His Honor; he wants his houses, and I suppose he has a right to them. It's not every landlord would treat ye so well as to forgive ye a quarter's rent, and then give ye two months' notice and nothing to pay," the agent said.

" It's not every tenant that treats a landlord as well as we did. In my memory—and that's more than three-score years—he never lost a penny on one of these cabins, and one of us was never a day behind with sixpence of rent. Can Cloonamore say that, Mr. Hayes, sir? Go back to the big house, and tell His Honor that Judy Merrick is going to die in the cabin she lived in, or on the heap of stones ye level it too."

" Come, come; that's all nonsense. See that you are out, bag and baggage, before the 1st of January," the bailiff said, roughly laying his hand on the old woman's shoulder.

" Don't touch me, ye miserable creature!" she cried, shrinking back. " Don't lay yer dirty hand on me, ye black-hearted villain! Look at him, neig'bor; mark him, the evictor! It's all his doin's, and his!" pointing to the agent. " Mark him, Willie! Don't forget their evil faces!"

" I'll not forget them, granny," Willie Merrick said, sternly, with quivering lips and flashing eyes; " and if I ever have a chance, God help them both."

" Och!" Judy cried, lifting up her hands; " may God forget them at their greatest need, and forgive them like as I do now;" and then she went in and sat rocking herself for hours over the fire.

* * * * *

The 1st of January, 185—was a bleak wild day, with a fierce east wind, driving a cutting, bitter sheet before it. The sea and sky, of a gray leaden hue, seemed to meet—you could scarcely distinguish one from the other; and the storm raged along the desolate coast.

The village of Cloonabeg presented a very pitiful sight that New Year's Day—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten—a sight which impressed itself on the memory with burning intensity, the sight of an eviction! All words are inadequate to describe the scene—it is something one must look on to thoroughly comprehend. That morning, on the common, wherever a stunted shrub offered the faintest shelter from the bitter east wind, the people were sitting huddled together, or lying on their poor beds to keep themselves warm, waiting for

the demolition of their cabins: women weeping bitterly, children shivering, and men with folded arms, set teeth, and blanched faces—men poor, ignorant, homeless, yet exercising a self-control wonderful and touching. The lane leading to the village was also lined on each side by the unfortunate people; and as the bailiffs came with picks to begin their work, the women greeted them with a terrible cry.

The men were silent, calmly, grandly silent. They could have easily beaten off the intruders—they could have chased them into the sea, or dashed their brains out against the rocks; but what would it avail; others would come and take their places, for Cloonabeg was doomed. The men looked passively on as they saw their homes leveled to the earth, as they saw cabin after cabin fall in.

Opposite their door, Denis Connor and his wife and daughter sat waiting for the end before starting for Galway. In vain they entreated Judy Merrick to accompany them; she would not leave her cabin. Grim and resolute she sat on her bed, and declared so firmly that out she would not go. And her grandson, Willie? Poor fellow, he was in Galway Jail on a charge of attempted murder. Mr. Hayes the agent had been fired at, and without any hesitation he accused Willie Merrick, and the bailiff swore he heard the young man threaten him; so he was committed to stand his trial at the Spring assizes.

When the men came to Mrs. Merrick's house, and found her still inside, they paused in dismay, but the head bailiff's order came sharp and decisive: " Go on!" and a shower of dust and stones about poor Judy's ear, showed that they were going on without any mistake. Then Denis Connor rushed in, and seizing the woman in his arms, and shouting to the roof which had so long sheltered her, had stilled her heart for ever.

All through that dreary Winter-day the people sat shivering by the wayside, mourning over their ruined, desolated homes, and at night some few of them were sheltered in barns and out-houses, while others lay under the hedges or on the fallen cabins. The next morning, vans came and took the very old and sick to the workhouse, and those who were able to walk and work went hither and thither in search of employment.

All this time His Honor, the landlord was enjoying his honeymoon on the shores of Lake Leman, and knew no more about the tragic scene enacted in Cloonabeg than his somewhat tenants knew about his locality. The agent thought the little village in the way: the common would, he fancied, make a valuable piece of pasture-land; and so he wrote to his master, and said the houses were only dilapidated dens; declared the tenants never did, or could, or would pay any rent; and that the best thing for all parties was to pull the cabins down, as the people would then emigrate to America. And so Mr. Hayes evicted the people, and razed their homes to the earth! Such things had been common, and are still not unknown in the west of Ireland.

Months passed, and Willie Merrick still lay in jail awaiting his trial. At the assizes, there was not a shadow of proof against him, and one of the gamekeepers on an adjoining estate confessed that it was he fired the shot which wounded the agent; so Mr. Hayes was acquitted; and a few kind-hearted people subscribed enough money to pay his passage to America.

" You'll come out to me, Oona, darling, won't you?" he said, holding his promised wife in his arms as he said good by. " You aren't ashamed of me, are you?"

" No, Willie; but I'll not follow you to America," Oona said, sadly. " I'm going a longer journey. Oh, Willie, Willie, my heart is broken. You'll never look on the face of Oona Connor again! Good-bye, and may heaven for ever bless you!"

Willie was pushed into the train which was to take him to Cork, and Oona fell fainting into her father's arms.

Three months after, there was a quiet funeral in the old graveyard of Cloonabeg, an old man and an old woman the only mourners.

Oona Connor was dead, and her last wish had been to sleep beside her brothers and sisters in the little country graveyard she had played in as a child. There she sleeps, with no cross at her head or stone at her feet; but her grave is well-known, and the memory of the events which caused her death green. No one

that will prove nothing, as strange things are often found on strange customers like you—but it's not convenient all the same," the sergeant added. "Come on, my boys; quick march! it's cold work idling here."

In sheer desperation, I resigned myself to my fate, and in sullen silence continued my journey towards Limerick, not even condescending to ask who I was supposed to be. On passing the gates of Glenloe, I begged the sergeant to send one of the men up to ask if Captain Ayr was at home, and if he would come and speak to me; which he consented to do, desiring the man also to ask if Lieutenant O'Gorman was there.

In ten minutes he returned, and told the sergeant that Captain Ayr had not come home, but that the lieutenant was there—just gone in to dinner.

"Now aren't you the coolest and most unblushing villain unhanging?" the sergeant asked quietly. "I believe you would have the impudence to meet a gentleman, and tell him to his face that he wasn't himself. Perhaps you will come on peaceable now, captain?"

I nodded an assent, and we continued our march. It was bitterly cold, and I was growing hungry and tired. I resented the snail's pace at which I had to ride; but most of all, I resented the remarks of the men as to my dogged and impudence, and their supposed softness. We reached Limerick at last, and I hoped the magistrate, or whoever I would be brought before, might be possessed of a little common-sense; but, alas, it was ten o'clock when we reached the "beautiful city"; and instead of magistrate or police inspector, I found myself "run in" to the county jail, where I stormed, and raved, and threatened, and at last asked what I was.

"Captain William Casey, Fenian Centre, at your service," the turnkey said. "Would you like to see your likeness?" And taking up the *Hue and Cry*, he read the following description: "William Casey, height five feet ten inches, blue eyes, brown curly hair, dark whiskers and mustache, white even teeth; last seen in evening dress, wearing white tie, gold studs, sleeve-links, and chain—a gray frieze overcoat, and white muffler round his neck. One hundred pounds reward for his capture, or information that will lead to his capture."

I read the description over, and then looked at myself, and turned away with a sigh, and the settled conviction that I could never be certain of my own identity again; I might be Ulic O'Gorman, but equally I might be Captain Casey, or any one else. There was my photograph in the *Hue and Cry*, perfect in every detail. I lay on the floor and tried to laugh at myself, but the effort was a miserable failure. I then tried to think over all the events of the evening calmly, but the effort was impossible; and at last, utterly weary in mind and body, cold, hungry, and thirsty, I lay on my wretched little bed and fell asleep.

The first experience of pri-on-life is not usually considered agreeable, yet I have no fault to find with Limerick Jail, for I slept soundly and dreamed, pleasantly till ten o'clock the next morning, when I was roused by voices in my cell, and hearing my name mentioned in a familiar voice, I opened one eye and saw several gentlemen I would have called friends had I been myself, but being somebody else, I did not make any advances, but watched them calmly.

"Hollo, Ulic!—are you awake? Rouse up, old fellow," Captain Ayr said, shaking me.

I raised myself on one elbow, and examined him. "You know me?" I said somewhat curiously.

"Know you, Ulic? What an absurd question. What do you mean?" Captain Ayr said. "Of course I know that you are Ulic O'Gorman—lieutenant in 'ours'."

"Then you know more than I do," I replied. "Last night I was morally convinced that I was Captain William Casey: I had it, I assure you, Walter, on the best authority."

"Don't be a fool, Ulic, but get up and come out of this den, and we'll explain everything. It has been rather awkward for you, but it is an uncommonly good joke."

"It may be, but I do not quite see it," I replied, as I followed Captain Ayr out of the cell, while the turnkey tried to hide his diminished head as we passed. Outside, we found my father, Sir William Ayr, the county inspector, and several other dignitaries of the law; and many confused explanations followed, to which I listened patiently. It appeared a ridiculously improbable story, but that it was true I knew only too well. Captain William Casey's servant, who was no other than the rascal Hennessy, was a brother to my father's butler, and from him they learned my movements. Casey, knowing that he was suspected of being in the neighborhood, and closely watched, formed the plan of stealing Comet, which he did while I was speaking to his servant, quietly leading the horse to a safe distance, and then mounting him. He passed the patrol of police without suspicion, and on reaching Glenloe, asked at the lodge if Captain Ayr had returned: on the keeper replying in the negative, he rode boldly up to the house, and introduced himself as Lieutenant O'Gorman, relying on the fact of my long absence from home, and his remarkable likeness to me, for escape from detection. He had learned many things about our family from his servant, and made a most favorable impression on Sir William and his family. But about ten o'clock there was a sound of wheels and a ringing of bells, and Captain Ayr arrived most unexpectedly. After he had spoken to his family, he asked for O'Gorman, and then the lieutenant was missed. Sir William supposed that he had gone into the garden or conservatory to smoke a cigar; but when half an hour passed, and he did not return, they began to feel uneasy; and on questioning the servants, they learned that he had gone—not on Comet, but on one of Sir William's horses.

"It's most extraordinary," the captain said: "I never knew Ulic do such a thing before—Hollo! what's this?"

On the drawing-room table, placed there by some mysterious agency, lay a card, with the words, written in pencil: "Captain William Casey, with compliments, and thanks for a pleasant evening."

"In a moment," said Sir William, "I saw what the dodge was; and at five o'clock this morning we drove over to where your father was staying, and explained the circumstances to him, and then came on here, to get you out."

"And Captain William Casey?" I asked.

"Escaped, by George! got clean off; no trace or tidings of him anywhere!" cried Captain Ayr. "He is about the cleverest and most audacious villain I ever heard of!"

"Well," I said, "I don't know what you local authorities think of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but it seems to me that they just a trifling overdo the thing. I would much rather Captain Casey spent Christmas Eve in Limerick Jail than Ulic O'Gorman."

"Never mind, my boy; you will laugh at this adventure some time," said my father. I thought it possible, but not very probable, and it has taken me seven years to see the joke.

"Do you know, Ulic, I can't help admiring that Casey," Captain Ayr said. "It was a daring thing

of him to come and pass himself off for you; and he did it well, too, old fellow. My sister Julia was loud in his praises last night. But come along; the sooner we all get to Glenloe the better."

"It seems to me that I am about the greatest sufferer so far," said Sir William, ruefully, as we drove up the avenue. "Captain Casey is a capital judge of horse-flesh, if he is nothing else. I believe, O'Gorman, your father's chestnut is about the best animal in the county; but if there is a better, it's my roan mare Firefly that Casey has taken."

"It's so Irish," I said, "so essentially Irish, from beginning to end, and so absurd, that I can't for the life of me help laughing. The idea of an officer in 'ours' being arrested for treason-felony—it's a rare joke."

"Especially the appropriating of my Firefly," interposed Sir William. "Still, looking at it what way you will, there is a humorous side to it. Who but an Irishman would risk his liberty for the sake of a practical joke?"

"And who but an incorrigible Irishman would play the good Samaritan under such circumstances as Ulic did?" said my father.

"And, certainly no one but an Irishman would take it as well as O'Gorman does," cried Walter. "But let us change the subject. Some time or another, we will have a hearty laugh at the events of last night."

Nearly seven years have passed away, and as I write this, Julia, my wife, is looking over my shoulder, my eldest boy is making frantic efforts to climb on to my knee, while a tiny little Julia is running a fearful risk of having her neck broken by her uncle Walter, now Colonel Ayr; and I am really a captain, and can afford to see the joke of that Fenian adventure, and relate it, too.

HON. CYRUS L. PERSHING, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JUDGE PERSHING is a native of Youngstown, Westmoreland County, Pa., and is now about five years of age. He studied law with Jeremiah S. Black, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, and was admitted to the Bar in 1850. Choosing Cambria County as a field of labor, he soon attained an extensive practice, as well as considerable political prominence. In 1861 he was elected to the Legislature, and served through five consecutive terms. He was a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, Judiciary, and other branches of deliberative work.

At the session of 1863, the only one in which the Democrats were in a majority, Mr. Pershing was Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, and at the succeeding session was the Democratic nominee for Speaker of the House. In this year the interest of the State debt was directed, by act of the Legislature, to be paid in depreciated paper instead of coin. On this question Mr. Pershing made an able and exhaustive speech, contending for the inviolability of contracts, and asserting that State credit should be "red as United States credit—that the States should live up to their contracts as closely as the General Government—that the United States Government paid her interest in gold when she contracted so to do, and the State of Pennsylvania should do the same. The stand taken by him in the Legislature has since been maintained by the Supreme Court of the United States, who have affirmed the sacred observance of such contracts.

HON. VICTOR E. PIOLETT, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR TREASURER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

VICTOR EMILE PIOLETT was born in Wysox, Bradford County, Pa., in 1812. His education was obtained at the ordinary schools of that section of the State forty years ago. Being a good speaker, and early gaining the respect and confidence of the Democrats of Bradford County, he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1846, and again in 1847. During the latter session he was offered a bribe to sustain a rotten bank, and he rose in his place, stated the facts, and laid the money on the Speaker's table for disposal by the House. Mr. Piolett was nominated for Congress in 1864, and beaten by Mr. Mercur by 1,001 majority. In 1868 he was renominated for the same place and against the same gentleman. This time he ran the majority in the district down to 311. In 1872 he was again nominated for the unexpired term of Judge Mercur, who had been elected Supreme Judge, and was again defeated, the district being strongly Republican.

In 1863, when Governor Curtin called on the citizens, irrespective of age, to rally at Harrisburg to defend the State against the invasion of General Lee, Colonel Piolett assembled his neighbors—taking his own rifle, and molding a large supply of balls for the campaign—and furnished at his own expense transportation for about twenty of his friends, who repaired promptly to Harrisburg in answer to the Governor's call. While there he was offered the command of a regiment by Governor Curtin, which he declined, saying he preferred to serve in the ranks. He went with his company to Gettysburg, and did his full share in that memorable campaign. He is a thorough politician, an organizer and a propagandist, and will make merry music in the campaign in the agricultural portions of the State.

EDIBLE BIRDS'-NESTS.

EDIBLE birds'-nests are found for the most part in the Southern Archipelago. The chief region of supply is that comprising Java, Borneo, Celebes and the Sulu Islands. The bird which produces the nest is a little swallow, *Hirundo esculenta*. This salangan swallow, as it is called, is slightly bigger than a blue tit; it has a brown back, but the under surface of its body, as also the extremities of the feathers in its forked tail, are white. It flies with wonderful speed and precision; and on the Javan coast, where the surge breaks wildly against the precipitous and caverned walls of rock, the little birds may be seen in swarms darting hither and thither through the spray. They probably feed on fragments of mollusks and other small animals which abound on those coasts. As you watch the surface of the water rising and falling, you notice how the holes in the rock are now concealed, now open again; and the little creatures, watching their opportunity, dart in and out with lightning speed. Their nests are fixed to the arched roots of these caverns. What sort of a thing, then, is the edible birds'-nest that ministers to the taste of the luxurious Chinese? It is that portion of the fabric which serves as a sort of bracket on which the nest itself (made of grass, seaweed fibres, small leaves, etc.) is built. There are two forms of this support, one flat like an

oyster-shell, the other deep and spoon-shaped. It is a transparent mass, somewhat like isinglass, mother-of-pearl, or white-horn, and is of animal origin. It was formerly supposed that this gelatinous mass might be prepared in the bird's crop, from seaweed and other marine plants. This, however, is a mistake. If one opens the animal's stomach about the time of building, it is found to contain insects, but no vegetable matter; moreover, in all species of the family of swifts, the crop is wanting. Dr. Bernstein has found that at that season the salivary glands under the tongue are enormously developed. On opening the bill, they are seen as two large swellings, one on either side, and these chiefly supply the material in question. They secrete a viscid mucous substance like a concentrated solution of gum-arabic, which can be drawn out of the mouth in long threads; and in the air it soon dries, and is found to be the same (even microscopically) as the bracket material. Blades of grass and similar objects can be stuck together with this saliva; and there is a species of salangan (supposed, but erroneously, to feed on seaweed) which does not make a pedicle or bracket on which to build its nest, but merely sticks together, by means of its saliva, some grass, dry leaves, and seaweed, and fixes them directly to the rock. The nests of this species, however, are not of great commercial importance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—"Lod Astray" is to be revived at the Union Square on the 4th. . . . The French Opera-bouffe Company, that has been giving a season at the Lyceum, will, on their return in January, produce for the first time in America "La vie Parisienne." . . . The Tietjens concerts under Max Strakosch's management will begin October 4th. . . . Messrs. Gran & Chizzola, of the Lyceum, announced a revival of "La Fille de Madame Angot" for this week. . . . "Around the World" is gradually becoming a great favorite with the little folks. The Kiralfys add a new scene by Matt Morgan this week. . . . Wallack's, thoroughly renovated, and with an unexpectedly strong force, will be reopened October 4th for the regular series of popular comedies. . . . It is thought that the opening of Edwin Booth's engagement as the Fifth Avenue will be put further off than October 4th, partly to give him more time for recovery from his accident, and also because "Our Boys" is more attractive than was anticipated. . . . Miss Sophie F. Heilbron, the delightful pianiste, will give one of her grand concerts at Irving Hall, October 12th. She is arranging a series of piano matinées for the Fall season.

PROVINCIAL.—Mr. Raymond will begin a season of "Colonel Sellers" at the Walnut Street, Philadelphia October 4th. . . . The Juvenile Mexican Opera Troupe began an engagement at the National, Washington, September 27th. . . . Last week Mrs. James A. Oates gave a delightful series of English Opera Bouffe entertainments at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston. . . . Lotta opened her Fall season on the 27th at Boston. . . . Mrs. F. W. Lender's new romantic drama "Edge Tools" was given at the opening of the Cincinnati Opera House. . . . McCauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., was opened with "Ours." . . . Dominick Murray has been enjoying a two weeks' lucrative season at De Bar's, St. Louis. . . . Marsden's new play of "Clouds" has proven very attractive at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, O. . . . John Brougham's "Lottery of Life," and a four-act drama adapted from the "Innocents Abroad" and other of Mark Twain's works, have been recently produced at the Academy, Reading, Pa. . . . "The Rivals" had a run of two weeks at the Boston Museum. . . . The Harmonic Society of Cincinnati, which is directed by Otto Singer, will produce, during the Autumn and Winter, Listz's cantata of "The Bells of Strasbourg Cathedral," Gluck's "Orpheus," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and a work by Handel, with the assistance of Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra. . . . The Lyceum at Williamsburgh, L. I., was opened on the 22d, under the management of Charles Gayler, with the "Mistress of Arts."

FOREIGN.—"Little Emily" is to be brought out at the London Adelphi about the 1st of October. . . . It is charged that much of the music in Hervé's "Dagobert" is transferred from his "Venne de Malabar." . . . J. L. Toole opened the season at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. . . . Lydia Thompson's Troupe had an unusually successful engagement of two weeks at the Royal Princess Theatre, Edinburgh. . . . The director of the opera at Vienna is negotiating for the use of the superb scenery and properties of "Tannhäuser" made for the memorable and disastrous representation of that opera in Paris in 1861. . . . Albani seems to be highly successful in Venice, where an effort is making to secure Faure as a Hamlet with her "Ophelia." . . . Herr Max Bruch's "Osydorse" will be executed during the forthcoming season of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. . . . The 200th performance of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville, London, was given September 8th.

FUN.

HIGH TIME—A church clock.

THE DUTY ON TOBACCO—To smoke it.

A SIGN-PAINTER'S OATH—"Hang it."

BILL OF RITES.—An undertaker's account.

THERE IS ALWAYS A GREAT WAIST OF WATER IN DROPSY.

A CIRCULAR SAW—A proverb that goes the round of society.

THREE GAUGES.—Railways are built on three gauges nowadays—narrow gauge, broad gauge and mortgage.

"UNMANNED BY THE LOSS OF HER HUSBAND," is the latest style of indicating a widow's grief.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN A BARBER'S.—"Thin out your hair a bit, sir?" "Customer." "No, never mind. My wife attends to that. But just oil it well."

She brought him a vest and a pair of breeches in an answer to an appeal for old clothes, for he was very ragged. She thought they would fit comfortably. He examined both garments attentively, and, throwing them down, exclaimed: "There ain't no watch pocket, nor hind pocket for a pistol." He was a tramp.

A STUDENT was reprimanded by his professor for his lateness at morning prayers, and excused himself on the plea that the prayers took place too late. "How," said the professor, "is it six o'clock too late?" "Yes, sir," said the student. "If you had them about four, I could attend; but no man could be expected to stay up till six."

A RETURNED EDGAR ARDEN was tearing around and railing at a Christian community that would allow a woman nearly to starve to death in the absence of her husband. The truth is, he left her in the days of hoop-skirts looking like this O, and on his return found her pinned back and looking like this I. The impression that she had starved was natural.

THE ALBANY VANSANT, Mayor of Baltimore, Md., who also holds the responsible position of Grand Treasurer of the G. L. of U. S. of Odd Fellows, went to Indianapolis, to attend the annual session, via Cincinnati. On the way to said city, his train stopped at Grafton, West Va., for supper. "Take your time, gentlemen; plenty of time" was the cry, as the genial treasurer and his family seated themselves. And he did take his time—that is, as twenty minutes were allowed, he occupied fifteen in refreshing the inner man—then leisurely arose, paid the bill, and was going out of the door, when he was stopped by the announcement, "Dat's de wrong door, boss; de train is on de oder side." "What train?" says J. V. "De train from Cincinnati?" "But I want the train to Cincinnati?" "Why, dat train's been done gone five minutes, it am." "What?" says the G. T. "gone?" It was a fact. The treasurer thought of his books, vouchers, certificates of deposit, and valuables in his valise. "Where's the telegraph office?" and off he rushed for the same. On his way, a person recognizing him, exclaimed: "Why, your honor, how d'ye do?" but with one sweep of the arm the interrogator was swept aside, and left in a wonderstricken state of amazement, as the coat-tail of the mayor stood out straight from his rapid progress. The telegraph office was reached and a message sent to the next station to send back the valuables, when a rumor was heard, "The Cincinnati train is coming back." The dispatch was paid for, anyhow, and a rush made for the depot. The good news was true. It had been discovered that the worthy treasurer was missing, and the weighty names of Mayor of Baltimore and "Grand Treasurer" had been potent to return the train, and that is the way he got left—almost. It is said he cherishes the name of Grafton, but with what feelings one cannot always tell.

THE ELECTIONS IN HUNGARY for the Reichstrath began on the 1st of July, and, as was foreseen, resulted in sending for the Liberal Party three-fourths of the national representation. The picturesque and characteristic side of an election day in Hungary—a veritable festival—is vividly reproduced in the engraving.



THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE AUTUMN OF 1875.



Berghaus & Schimpf

BEYOND THE STARS.

BY

SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

THE is a place, the great star-gazers say,
In distant space wherein is always light;
No shadow falls there, darkness is unknown.
There time is not, where is no day or night;
Unchanging, steadfast, glowing, it exists.

Far, far beyond unnumbered stars unseen,
A luminous sea too bright for eyes of flesh.

That only Thought can reach of things terrene!

Oh, is it there they go who leave this earth,
Our loved and lost, winging a flight sublime
'Mid shining worlds, and o'er the paths of suns,
Into the glory of that cloudless clime?

What wonders there are hidden? Shall the sight,
Obscured by earth, with vision clear behold
What here was dim? Learn life is but a vail

Interior brightness briefly to 'enfold?

Why fret we, then, o'er unaccomplished aims?
Why grieve for opportunity un gained?
Why mourn o'er limits to the soul's pursuits?
Why weep o'er gifts by circumstance restrained?

In that illumined peace, that boundless depth

Of timeless lustre, finites disappear;

And infinite development of power

May bless for ever in that shining sphere!

And still beyond, oh, still beyond this light
Some unimagined splendor there may be,
Some glory that unto this radiance seems
As noon to darkness here! O mystery

Of unconceived creation! Shall we grow

Through immortality in worth and grace

To suit such grander realm, till life shall glow

Fit loveliness in each supernal place?

—

Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THOMÉ," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE time has seemed so long to me since we spoke," said Laurie Nugent to Miss Gordon, several days after the lawn incident, already referred to, "that I wonder how I have lived through it."

"I do not see why you should not have spoken to me as usual," observed Ethel.

He gave one quick, shrewd glance at her—the beautiful face was quite calm and serene.

"I thought Miss Digby seemed displeased on Tuesday morning when she saw you speaking to me on the lawn, and, as I would not for worlds subject you to her displeasure, I thought it better not to address you."

He knew that the arrow had gone home when she drew her slender figure to its full height.

"Miss Digby's pleasure or displeasure affects me but very little," she said.

And then Laurie Nugent knew that he held the key to the whole situation. The girl disliked her guardian, and would do anything to vex her.

"That was Tuesday," he said, "and this is Sunday. How I have lived through the week I cannot tell; it has seemed to me a century long."

It was Sunday evening, and the chiming of the Sabbath bells mingled with the music of the waves—a calm, beautiful evening, when all Nature seemed to know that heaven's calm rested upon it. The sweet chime of the bells sounded from the distant church-spire.

Laurie Nugent's diplomacy was strikingly successful that bright Sunday evening. From some of the satellites who were in his pay he had heard that Miss Gordon was not going to church, and that Miss Digby and Lady Staughton were.

"They will never leave her here alone," he thought, "if they know I am not going."

So half an hour before church-time he framed an excuse to speak to Miss Digby, and then casually mentioned that he intended going through the woods to Skilton Old Church, as it was called.

Miss Digby and Lady Staughton set out, leaving Ethel alone. Lady Staughton had said something about the propriety of so leaving her, but Miss Digby, believing that no one was in the hotel but the manager, the servants and a few lady-guests, declined to interfere.

"It is hard enough to exercise any authority over her when the object is an important one," she said. "I must not try her too far by interfering without cause."

So the elder ladies went to church, and Ethel went to her favorite spot to hear the chiming of the bells. She looked up in surprise when Laurie Nugent appeared suddenly by her side.

"I thought you were gone to church," she said. Again he gave her one quick glance; the beautiful face was quite serene; there was no suspicion of his strategy.

"I did intend going," he replied, "but I changed my mind."

"I thought that was only a lady's privilege," rejoined Ethel, with smile so bright and beautiful that he took courage and flung himself on the rich, thick clover at her feet.

"How sweet and sad those bells are!" he said, suddenly. "How calm and still the evening is! Have the birds a Sunday of their own, I wonder? Near to my window there is a great elm-tree, and there has been such a solemn cawing of rooks!"

"When I was a child," observed Ethel, "I always thought the sunshine was of a different color on Sundays—it seemed to have a more golden, mellow light."

When she was a child! As though she were anything else then! He looked up into the beautiful girlish face: it was so kind and sweet, that he took courage, and told her how cruelly long that week had seemed to him, in which he had hardly seen her.

And then—they seemed such old friends—she told him her simple story—how she had for so long been a petted, spoiled, beloved darling, the pride of her father's life; how she had ruled, with easy fantastic sway, the entire household, and how dearly she had loved that sway; how her love and her affection had seemed to fill her father's life; and how suddenly this happy state of things had ended—how her father, having begun to find her full of faults, had determined to marry again, and had left her to learn the difficult lesson of obedience from her future mother-in-law.

"It seems very hard," he said; "I do sympathize with you. One can never throw off the habit of a lifetime."

So gradually, by kind, gentle words and delicately-veiled expressions of dislike to Helen Digby, he led her on until he knew the simple story of her life by heart. He understood that Sir Leonard had repented when too late of the indulgence with which he had treated his daughter; he understood that the second marriage was more for her sake than

his own, to provide her with a wise, sensible, womanly guide."

"I suppose," he said, "that in all your life until now you have never been opposed or contradicted—what you have done just as you would."

She looked up at him brightly.

"Papa liked my rule," she said, "and I made every one happy."

It pleased her to hear kind words from him. The scene was picturesque, the hour pleasant, the sound of those murmured words delightful; and on this evening Laurie Nugent said more than he had ever said before. He told her how he had in mind her; and there was such a ring of true passion in his words that proud Ethel was subdued as she listened.

"You think, because I have known you so short a time, I must be exaggerating. Ah, no—the brightness of day, the brightness of dawn comes with your presence. The flowers around us here are fair, but none are so fair as you; the gleam of the sun is bright, but it is not so bright as you; the sound of your voice is sweeter than the chiming of those Sabbath bells, or the music of the birds. When I look at you, all my life seems complete; the fairest dreams I have ever had are realized. I could worship you as men of old worshiped goddesses."

She smiled as she listened. He would have been better pleased if her dark, proud eyes had drooped and her face had flushed. She smiled serenely, as she would have smiled at the words of a pleasant poem, or the notes of a beautiful song. Still, she was not angry—and that was one great point gained. If she would only listen to his pleadings—to all the love-stories that he knew so well how to tell—he felt sure that he should win her in time.

"You can imagine how those who have lived for months in darkness long for the blessed light of the sun," he said. "So have I longed to see you."

She laughed a low, sweet, musical laugh.

"What am I to you," she said, "that you should wish to see me?"

He looked up into her face with a glance that stirred the depths of her heart.

"What are you to me?" he echoed. "Miss Gordon, all words fail me when I try to answer that question. What is the light of day to an imprisoned man? What is the sun to the world—the dew to the flowers—sweet dropping rain to thirsty plants? What is the grateful shade to a sun-scorched traveler—the sight of land to a storm-tossed sailor? What are you to me! If from sunrise to sunset I sat and spoke to you of nothing else, I could not tell you what you are to me."

She glanced at him with the most natural and charming surprise in her dark eyes; the lovely dimpled lips were smiling; there was no confusion, no embarrassment, in her manner, and looking at her, Laurie Nugent wondered if she loved him—if ever he should win her—or if he should have to leave her at last.

"I have not displeased you, I trust," he said, looking at the beautiful downcast face. "You asked me the question so suddenly, I was taken by surprise. If all the poetry in the world were compressed into a single song, it could not describe my affection for you—if all the love that has ever been felt by mortal man could be placed in one heart, it would still fall far short of the love I feel for you."

She glanced at him quietly.

"You love me, then?" she queried, in a voice that breathed sweetest music.

"I love you," he repeated—and the sound of his words startled him even more than it did Ethel.

They sat for some minutes in silence, while the chiming of the bells floated around them.

"I love you," repeated Laurie Nugent. "I have summoned courage at last to say so. I loved you the first moment that I saw you, and I shall love you until I die. I know it is presumption. You are far above me as the blue sky or the golden sun; but I love you, and by the ladder of love I hope to climb to your side."

He caught her white hands in a passionate grasp, so tightly as almost to cause her to cry aloud.

"What the men of old did to win the woman they loved I would do, Ethel. I would serve for you twice seven years, content if I might win you at last; I would love you all my life, and be content to win one word, one smile, in return, as I lay dying: I would go out and fight for you as did the heroes of old; I would live for you, I would die for you; for I love you, Ethel, as no man has ever loved woman before."

His voice died away in a passionate murmur, and he buried his face in the silken, shining folds of her dress. She sat silent and motionless, for his words had fallen upon her with a blank surprise—she had not expected them.

"Ethel," he continued, "I have nothing to offer you that is worthy of you. What would be worthy? If I had all the world's wealth, and could lay it at your feet, it would be unworthy of you. If I were an emperor, and could raise you to the throne by my side, and could give you the crown from my brow, it would still be unworthy of you. I can give you nothing but the deep, passionate love of my heart, my faith, my truth, my life."

He paused again, with the last word trembling on his lips. Her proud, frank eyes were shining down upon him, but there was no confusion in her face, no hesitation in her manner.

"Why do you love me so much?" she asked, with the simple wonder of a child. "I do not understand it."

"I cannot tell you, Ethel. Why do I love you, I cannot help it. I loved you before I knew your name, or had heard you speak. My heart went from me in the first glimpse I had of your beautiful face. Ask the birds why they sing, the flowers why they bloom, the sun why it shines. It would be easier for those to answer than for me to say why I love you. I cannot help it. It is my destiny, and no fairer one was ever given to man."

He raised his handsome head, and looked up into the calm, proud, severe face.

"I am almost frightened at my own presumption," he continued; "it is as if a slave had dared to raise his eyes to the fairest, the proudest, and brightest of queens. Ethel, say you are not angry with me."

"I am not angry," she replied.

"You will think I grow courageous with kindness, Say even more than that—what will you give me in return for my great love?"

"I do not know," she answered; and there was a grace so childlike, so innocent, so pure in her looks and words, that once more the impulse was strong upon him to save her from himself. Only for one moment did it last, and then the selfish, passionate love rose in his heart, and he was kneeling at her feet.

"Ethel, I pray you give me something in return for my love—give me like that will in time become love. Bid me do something that can prove how dearly I love you. Do not send me from you to despair and death. I am a strong and a proud man; my pride and strength, with my love and my life, are lying at your feet—stoop and raise them, Ethel."

He could not have spoken more effectively: one of Ethel's weakest points was this love of power to which he now appealed. It was something to find

that this strong, handsome, powerful man laid his life in her hands—knelt at her feet, praying for one kind word from her. It flattered her; she had fancied herself so neglected, she had been deposed from her natural sovereignty, and it was pleasant to find that in one man's heart she reigned a most triumphant queen.

It was not love that caused her to leave her white hands in his passionate grasp—it was not love that caused her to drop her beautiful face over him—it was not love that shone in her eyes and trembled on her lips. It was only gratified vanity—gratified love of power.

"Ethel, say you will love me," he said. "Say you will make me some little return for my deep love."

"I will," she responded; "at least I will try."

Once again he buried his face in the shining, silken folds, and she saw his strong frame trembling. Something like a long-drawn sigh escaped from his lips.

"I was afraid!" he said, in a low voice: "I was sorely frightened, Ethel; for I felt myself quite unworthy of you."

Then he sat by her side, and talked to her until the girl fancied that she was transported to some other sphere. It was pleasant to hear how beautiful she was—how completely she had conquered him—how strong were the chains that bound him to her—how deeply and dearly and truly he loved her. It was so pleasant, that she abandoned herself to the charm, and Laurie Nugent, with a wild exulting triumph, said to himself that he had won her—she was his own.

The golden light of the evening sun faded into the purple gloaming, the vesper song of the birds gradually ceased, but still they sat on. At length Laurie Nugent rose.

"It is growing late," he said. "Ethel, my darling—I may call you darling now, and there is no sweeter word—I hardly like to propose it, but do you not think it would be better not to say anything at present to Miss Digby?"

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"You really consider it quite out of the beaten track?" he questioned.

"It is the least frequented spot in England," was the reply, "although I think 't one of the prettiest." Then the manager left his guest to his own meditations.

"I must see Ethel to-night," he said; "and then, if she will consent, to-morrow I will go over to Holmleigh—that is the nearest place. I will make all arrangements there. This is Tuesday—if she consents at all, she will agree for Thursday.

He wrote on a slip of paper:

"I want to see you sa particularly, Ethel, my dear love, that I am obliged to ask you to come out for a few minutes this evening. Do not be later than nine, and come to the lime-grove—I shall be waiting for you there. Do not refuse, sweet, for all my future life depends upon the 'Yes' or 'No' that you will say to me to-night."

He contrived to place that in her hand, and, when she smiled, he knew that she had consented. She would rather have died than smiled, had she known what would come of that evening's meeting.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CARAVANSARY OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA, the land of prodigies, of giant trees, of mighty mountains, of wonderful vegetable growth, of stupendous enterprises, and of colossal schemes, comes forward once again to claim a championship. She throws down the gauntlet to her older sister States and challenges them to equal her in the matter of hotel accommodations. New York, Saratoga, Chicago and St. Louis has each claimed the palm of excellence for its own magnificent caravansaries, but San Francisco with her Palace Hotel can confidently boast of having the finest hotel building in the country, and one that in all the features of excellence and completeness probably surpasses any similar edifice in the world.

The Palace Hotel was projected by the late William C. Raiston and the Hon. William Sharon, who with their usual energy and public spirit determined to furnish the city of San Francisco with a hotel which should challenge the world. In pursuance of this intention, Messrs. Raiston and Sharon selected the well-known architect, J. P. Gaynor, to visit the principal cities of the United States and Europe, for the purpose of thoroughly examining the most celebrated hotels of the world before preparing his plans and specifications. He was to include in the plans of the Palace all existing improvements, and such additional ones as his experience and observation might suggest. The projectors were also determined that the hotel when completed should be under the management of the most competent man in America, and were fortunate in not only obtaining Mr. Warren Leland as lessee, but also in securing his services in superintending the work of construction. Mr. Leland's aid to the architect has been invaluable, as in the running of a hotel after it is completed, so in the knowledge of how it should be built, he excels. He is master of the subject in its largest generalities and its smallest details.

The erection of the building was begun over a year ago, and was finished a short time since. It now stands one of the most beautiful architectural edifices in the city of San Francisco. Striking as is the vastness of the building when viewed from a point near at hand, to get a true idea of its comparative size one must see it from the bay, east of the city. Viewed from that standpoint, it is the most conspicuous object in the view, and looming up above the sea of houses, presents a grand and imposing appearance.

The new hotel occupies the land bounded by New Montgomery, Market, Annie, and Jessie Streets, having frontages as follows: On New Montgomery, 350 feet; Market, 275 feet; Annie, 350 feet, and Jessie 275 feet, covering a space of 96,250 feet. To enable the reader to compare its size with that of other monster hotels, it may be stated that the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, covers but 55,145 square feet. The Grand Hotel in Paris has only 720 rooms, while the Palace Hotel of San Francisco has 755 rooms above the ground-floor exclusively for the use of guests.

The building is seven stories in height. It is most substantially built, and is fireproof in all essential points. The lower story is 25 feet high; the others 14 and 16 feet. Long rows of bay windows, piled one above another, extend from the top of the first story to the roof. The brick walls are covered with cement painted a clear white. Between the bay windows are seen the gilded washers or anchor-heads of the iron bars used for strengthening the building, which give a pleasant relief to the pure white sea of wall and windows.

The building has the strength of a fortress. At the base all the foundation walls are built with inverted arches, and are twelve feet thick. Every wall in the building, exterior, interior or partition, has iron bars running through it from one end to the other, the bars at each end being secured by iron washers or anchor-heads. In the lower stories these bars are five feet apart. In the upper stories they are placed nearer together, and in the topmost story they are only two feet apart. It by any chemical process every portion of the building except the iron could be suddenly eaten away, and the bars left in their present position, we should see a gigantic network of iron bars crossing each other at right angles, and so thick together that we could with ease trace the lines formerly occupied by the thousands of partition-walls. The cement coating on the outside of the brick walls also adds to the strength of the building, for it will become as hard as stone, harder indeed, than the brick. The construction of the building has required 24,661,000 hard bricks, 28,333 barrels of cement and 22,160 barrels of lime.

It is estimated that the total cost of the building will be: Ground, \$1,000,000; building, \$1,750,000; furniture, \$500,000; total, say about \$3,250,000. The basement is to be 10 feet in the clear. In it are the following rooms: White-room, 55 x 42; china and glass-room, 21 x 35; mechanics' dining-room, 21 x 55; pantry, 21 x 55; servants' dining-rooms, each 21 x 55; baggage-room, 55 x 21; men's room, 41 feet square; airing-room, 20 x 40; drying room, 40 feet square; wash-room, 40 feet square, and other apartments too numerous to mention. This is a most extraordinary disposition of space, and is an indication of the gigantic nature of the whole affair.

The first or ground story presents the main entrance on New Montgomery Street, with a driveway 20 feet wide; with sidewalks 10 feet in width; the latter of white marble and the driveway of asphaltum. There are three inner courts, the central one being 14 x 84, which is covered with glass, on a level with the roof of the building. On New Montgomery Street 160 feet are used for hotel purposes, in addition to the driveway. The rest of the New Montgomery Street front, and also the Market Street front, are intended for stores that have a double

frontage, one on the street and the other at the arcades in the rear and within the hotel. The central court has a circular driveway of 18 feet, a marble-tiled promenade, and a tropical garden filled with exotic plants, statuary and fountain. It is surrounded on all sides with arched galleries on every floor, each twelve feet wide, and forming in itself a continuous promenade. To the right of the main entrance is situated the ladies' door, giving entrance to the Ladies' Reception Room, 40 feet square. Also two rooms devoted to the use of the ladies, 15 x 20. On the left is the door leading to the reception room for gentlemen, 40 feet square; also two small rooms, each 15 x 20. On this floor is the office, 55 x 65; coat and baggage-room, 20 feet square, and two small private dining rooms, each 20 feet square. Breakfast-room, 110 x 55; ball-room, 64 x 55; dining room, 150 x 55; kitchen and pantry, 54 x 50; space for working-room, servant's stairs, coal and ash-sheds, elevator for service of house, lock-up and pantries, 84 x 22. Barber-shop, 20 x 40; wash-room, 20 x 40; public water-closets, 40 feet square; bar-room, 40 feet square; billiard-room, 40 x 60; four committee-rooms, each 20 feet square. At the rear end of the court, on this floor, is a magnificent staircase occupying a space 60 x 30. This story is 27 feet in the clear, except over the stores, where there is an *entresol* or intermediate story. There are five elevators for the use of the guests and passengers, worked by water, thus affording rapid, easy and safe transit up and down. In addition there are seven other broad stairways, conveniently located for the ingress and egress to and from all parts of the building.

The second story is divided up entirely into suites of rooms, except rooms for parlors, private dining-rooms, rooms set aside for private entertainment for guests, or for outside parties, as is the case at the Grand Hotel, Paris. The main parlor is 40 feet square, and one on each side 20 x 40. The house is so constructed that each suite of rooms will be as much withdrawn as if they were in a private house, and are furnished with every convenience as to bath rooms, closets, etc. On this floor is also the children and nurses' dining-room, 40 feet square; dining-room for officers of the hotel, 20 x 40, and ladies' billiard room, 40 feet square. There are on this floor 133 rooms, one-half 20 feet square, and none less than 16 feet square—15 feet ceilings. Each room has a fireplace; and all the front rooms have a bay window and a closet 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7. The halls are 12 feet wide, and each 1431 feet in length, with openings at each end, also on courts, enclosed in glass. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth stories are similar to the one just described, and the seventh the same, with the exception that the ceilings are 16 feet high. There are seven hundred and fifty-five rooms for guests in the house, above the office floor. There are 377 bath-rooms, and 348 bay windows.

The hotel is intended to furnish ample accommodation for 1,200 guests. The rooms are all lighted directly from the open air, and there is not a dark room or hall in the house.

The furnishing of the hotel has been attended to in a style corresponding with the magnificence of the building. The greatest care has been given to selecting furniture, upholstery, table-ware, bed-clothing and everything necessary to throw the charm of a luxurious and refined home around the spacious rooms and stately halls. The workshops and ware-rooms of our own manufacturers and merchants have furnished many of the goods for the adornment of this great hotel.

When it is taken into consideration that the proprietors and lessee of the great hotel were determined to have nothing but the best of every article, and that the purchasing of the goods was in the hands of thorough business men who had all the markets of the world to choose from, and had the experience necessary to make the best bargains possible, the fact that so many of the supplies were obtained in this city is a high compliment to our resources and the enterprise of our business men.

A. T. Stewart & Co. furnished the elegant upholstered goods, lace curtains and coverings, and the bedding, blankets and toweling. In no other establishment in the world could the same variety of beautiful upholstery and lace-work have been obtained, and the supply of linens, bedding, and even toweling, is of the most complete and elegant description.

Morris, Delano & Co. furnished the mirrors and plate-glass, which are marvels as to size, and the most superior articles of the kind ever manufactured.

From the well-known firm of W. & J. Sloane thirty-two miles of carpet were obtained, comprising the greatest variety of patterns—some rich with the most voluptuous coloring and the choicest grouping of flowers and fruit, and others of classic design and quiet beauty.

The Archer & Pancoast Manufacturing Company furnished the gas fixtures. The order, which amounted to over \$60,000, is believed to be the largest single order ever given for similar goods in this country. The gasoliers, brackets, candelabra, etc., are real bronze and gilt. All were made from special designs and are true works of art. Twenty-nine massive 25-light chandeliers were required for the parlors, dining-rooms, ball-room, and corridors, and for superiority of finish and beauty of design they cannot be surpassed. The five-light chandeliers for the 755 private rooms are of a beautiful style recently patented by the Archer & Pancoast Company, and known as the Excelsior Centre Slide or Library Chandelier, which admits of the centre light, with an argand burner, being drawn down to any desired distance. It is very simple and reliable in its mechanical construction, and a new and valuable invention which renders it at once the most popular chandelier now before the public.

Hayden, Gere & Co. supplied all the brass-work for the plumbing and steam; also the sanitary ware, such as wash-basins, etc. All the patterns were new and very elegant in design. The order for this branch of goods was very heavy, and were specimens of splendid workmanship.

The hotel will be opened on the 1st of October, and notwithstanding the colossal size of the building, and the vastness of its accommodations, it will, no doubt, soon be filled with guests. In addition to the yearly increasing number of persons who visit San Francisco on business, thousands of tourists visit California, attracted by the famous natural curiosities of the State and the delightful climate. It is estimated that fully 40,000 people in the North, East and West migrate in winter to a warmer climate; and as the climatic advantages offered by the Pacific Coast are becoming daily better known, the number of visitors to that favored spot is constantly increasing.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A CHAIR OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY has been created in the Faculty of Sciences of Paris.

THE LARGE REFLECTING TELESCOPE at the Paris Observatory is completed, although it will not be brought into use for two or three months. The equilibrium of the tube is perfect, and it can be directed with the most facility in any part of the heavens, although it weighs about six tons.

AN AUSTRIAN RAILROAD ENGINEER proposes to protect locomotive boilers against incrustation by lining them with a thin sheet of copper. An experiment shows that incrustation can be considerably reduced in this way, but there may be objections to the plan sufficient to overcome its advantages in this respect.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE INDIAN BUREAU are forming a large collection illustrative of the ethnology and archaeology of North America, which will be a department of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The International Congress of Prehistoric Archaeologists has been invited to hold their meeting next year in the United States.

A GERMAN ENGINEER writes in favor of the practicability of applying the principle of the fireless locomotive to coaches, cabs, and private vehicles. By calculation he finds that a tank one and a half feet in diameter and nine inches in length, jacketed by a non-conductor of heat, would be sufficient to propel an ordinary vehicle, containing two persons, on an ordinary macadamized or wooden pavement, at a speed equal to that attained by ordinary cabs.

THE TWELFTH CONGRESS of the Italian Scientific Association was opened at Palermo on August 29th by Count Mamiani, in presence of an audience exceeding two thousand persons. Count Mamiani began by thanking the Municipality of Palermo for the hospitable reception it had given brother Italians as well as strangers, and explained that the future Congress will assemble under the new name of the Italian Association for the Promotion of Science.

A NEW PHYSICAL OBSERVATORY is to be erected at Fontenay, in France, with M. Janssen at its head. It will be erected on the very spot where it was intended to build one when it was proposed some years ago to remove the Paris Observatory. In a few months, then, Paris will have four observatories—the National, the Physical, and two Meteorological observatories—one at Montsouris, under M. Marie Davy, and another which is under construction.

THE OBSERVATION OF METEORS has been organized in France by the Association Scientifique under M. Leverrier; this organization numbers more than 6,000 members, but has no annual meeting. About forty stations keep watch on critical nights. The results of the observations during the time of the August shower have been unusually good. At Rechelot and Rouen alone more than 160 tracks were mapped during the nights of the 9th and 10th of August, mostly connected by the Perseus radiant.

THE COMMISSION appointed by the Prefect of the Seine for deciding on the improvements to be introduced in the construction of lightning-conductors have just published their report. They are of opinion that the conductors should terminate in a point of copper instead of platinum, as recommended by the Academy, and propose to institute an annual inspection of lightning conductors, as recommended by M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle in his pamphlet, "Lightning Conductors and the Necessity of Controlling Them." A series of measurements will be presented to the Municipal Council in the next session.

THE QUARANTINE SYSTEM IN LEBANON, adopted in consequence of the cholera in Syria, seems to be almost as terrible a scourge as the disease itself. A quarantine is established within the borders of a village, but it is supplied with neither physician nor medicine. A person attacked with cholera in the establishment must die, and poison the air all around him. Should a doctor within the village attempt to visit a patient in this open-air prison, he is forbidden to return to the village. In most of the villages there is not even a tent for quarantine purposes, and the results are, as might have been expected, disastrous, especially to women and children. A vine or fig tree or olive tree is the only shelter from the burning heat of noonday and the chilling damps of midnight.

AN INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY has been recently made during excavations for a new tidal basin at the Surrey Commercial Docks, London. On penetrating some six feet below the surface, the workmen everywhere came across a subterranean forest bed, consisting of peat with trunks of trees, for the most part still standing erect. All are of the species still inhabiting Britain; the oak, alder and willow are apparently most abundant. The trees are not mineralized, but retain their vegetative character, except that they are thoroughly saturated with water. In the peat are found large bones, which have been determined as those of the great fossil ox. Fresh water shells are also found. No doubt is entertained that the bed thus exposed is a continuation of the old buried forest, of wide extent, which has on several recent occasions been brought to the daylight on both sides of the Thames notably at Watthamstone in the year 1869, in excavating for the East London Waterworks; at Plumstead in 1862-3, in making the southern outfall sewer; and a few weeks since at Westminster, on the site of the new Aquarium and Winter Garden. In each instance the forest bed is found buried beneath the marsh clay, showing that the land has sunk below the tidal level since the forest flourished.

UNDER THE HEAD OF "PULMONARY GYMNASTICS," Dr. Burg, of Paris, has published the following curious dissertation, which contains advice which may be useful to such persons as are afflicted with weakness in the chest. He begins with stating the question to this: "Are declaimations, singing and, above all, wind instruments, dangerous exercises for persons of weak or delicate constitutions, and more or less predisposed by birth to serious diseases of the respiratory organs?" Most physicians, he observes, will answer in the affirmative; he takes the contrary ground, supported by what we deem startling evidence. Dr. Burg, it may be remembered, was the first who proposed copper as a specific in cholera, on the ground that workmen constantly handling that metal had traversed the epidemic of 1849 with impunity. In order to establish this fact, he had visited the country where the metal was most used, and among others those of manufacturers of wind instruments. On one of these occasions M. Sax gave him the following information, which we here repeat word for word: "Besides cholera immunity, our workmen enjoy another—they are free from consumption. Many philanthropists, on seeing our young military musicians wield the enormous instruments we make, have sorrowed over the few years those poor fellows would have to live. Well, they are mistaken. All men who make it their profession to try wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale—all, without exception, to my knowledge, are free from pulmonary affections. I have known many such who, upon entering upon their profession, were very delicate, and who, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption; eight children of hers fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive, and we all three play on wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dredged art in order to conquer pulmonary diseases."

THE report that the stanch Republican, Señor Castellar, will present himself as a candidate for the Spanish Cortes as a supporter of a liberal monarchy is quite a surprising bit of transatlantic intelligence. For many years he has been the one great man of Spain to advocate the best features of republican government, extolling the virtues that once upon a time rendered the United States the land of the purest liberty. On the abdication of Isabella his name rose to the surface as a political economist of rare distinction; but when Amadeo of Italy succeeded, he contented himself with giving expression to his liberalism in his capacity of professor. In the Republican experiments that followed the withdrawal of the Savoyard, Señor Castellar became the leader of the reformed thought, and ultimately the President of the Republic. The kaleidoscope took another turn, Alonso was recalled and vested with the purple. Castellar resigned all his professorships, and gave himself up entirely to the more genial pursuit of study. He is forty-three years of age, and ranks as the first orator and historian in Spain.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

REV. J. H. H. BROWN, the new Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wis., is 44.

PROFESSOR C. W. BENNETT, of the University of Syria, has sacrificed 6,000 choice volumes for the college library.

A FEW friends and admirers of Captain Webb have presented him a gold chronometer for swimming the English Channel.

LADY BURDETT COULTER has made a further display of her humanity and generosity by presenting the City of Manchester, England, with an elaborate drinking fountain and cattle trough.

M. A. G. Healy, the American artist residing in Paris, has been selected as one of a committee of three to take charge of such art contributions to the Centennial as American artists in France may furnish.

THE death is announced of the Grand Lama, the chief ecclesiastic of Buddhism. He had lived long enough to become imbued with the spirit of Occidental progress, as, but a short time ago, he sent his second son to Paris to be educated.

HOX W. C. PARK, Marshal of the Sandwich Islands, and one of King Kalakaua's Privy Councilors, is also an Odd Fellow of high rank. He attended the session of the Grand Lodge at Indianapolis, Ind., the second week in September, and was accorded marked honors.

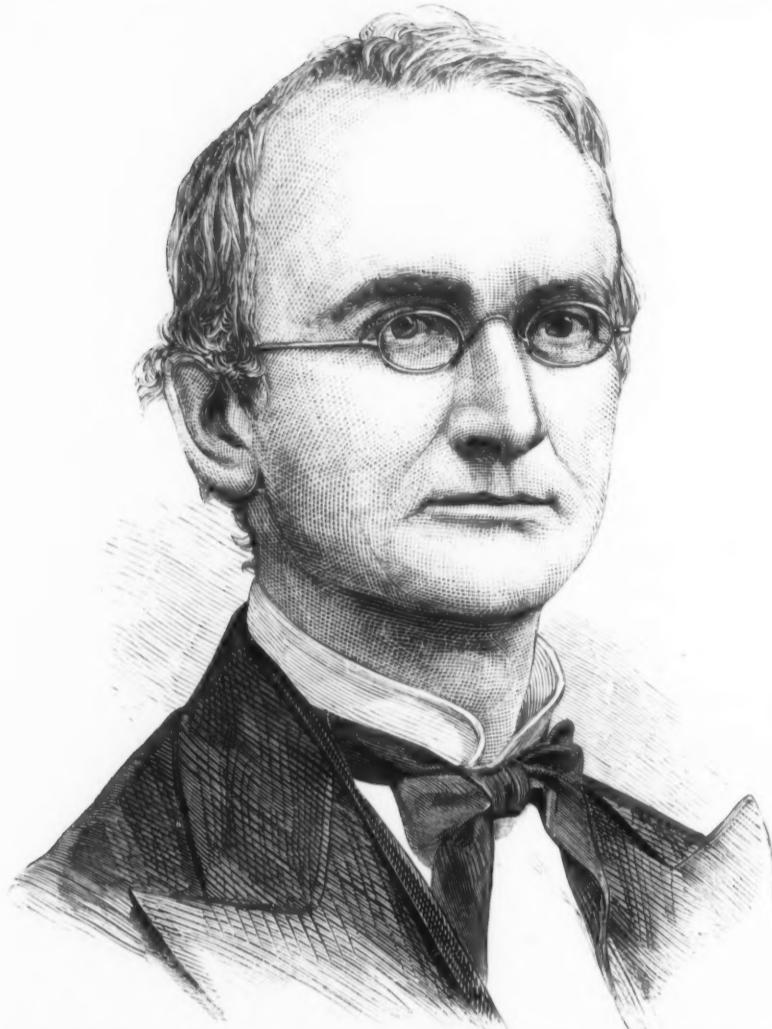
MRS. DR. NEW has received from her son, Mr. Frank New, who is now in the Treasury Department in Washington, a clunker, which is all that is left of nearly \$2,000,000. It is about the size of one's fist, and was formed by the chemists in greenbacks which have been burned.

M. THIERS says he has no longer time for official political work. He distrusts his memory, and will not leave floating in his mind the ideas which have occupied it forty years. "I must at last write the book in which they will assume bodily shape; it is my last will and testament."

WHERE THE CARLISTS began their fight for the Spanish throne, the Cure of Santa Cruz mustered a force of nearly 10,000 men and mounted a battle, and for years severely harassed the Republic and Royal troops. The Herzegovina revolt is characterized by a similar example of an ecclesiastical chieftain. Father Zarko, at last reports, was at the head of 7,000 men, and rapidly developing a plan of campaign that may give the Turkish troops much annoyance.

THE FORMER GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN, William R. Taylor, has been renominated by the Democratic and Liberal Republican Convention. He is a native of Connecticut, where he was born in 1820; a sojourner in Ohio, where he engaged in running a grist-mill in 1840; and a settler in Wisconsin in 1848. Although following farming as an occupation, he has had an active political career, embracing the offices of chairman of the Town and of the County Board of Supervisors, County Superintendent of the Poor for seventeen years, and member of the State Assembly and State Senate. He has long been a leader in agricultural societies. In 1873 he received 81,635 votes for Governor, against 66,224 for his Republican opponent, one of the innumerable Washburns.

WE were informed last week that it is the intention of those who are fashioning the destiny of the Prince Imperial of France to start him off on a tour around the world as a movement of political expediency. It is intimated that an attempt at restoration is imminent, and the friends of the Empire, believing the present to be an inopportune time, wish to avoid such a *coup-d'état* by getting the subject out of the way pleasantly. The ex-Empress will abdicate the Regency, and the Prince, through Roullet, will lead the party. Louis Eugene Napoleon will be twenty years old in March next. He is a quiet-mannered boy, fond of study, particularly of history, a popular graduate of the British Military Academy at Woolwich, but has that air of reserve noticeable in those whose lives are invested with diplomatic secrecy. He is guarded by private detectives night and



HON. CYRUS L. PERSHING, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY TAYLOR & BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 71.



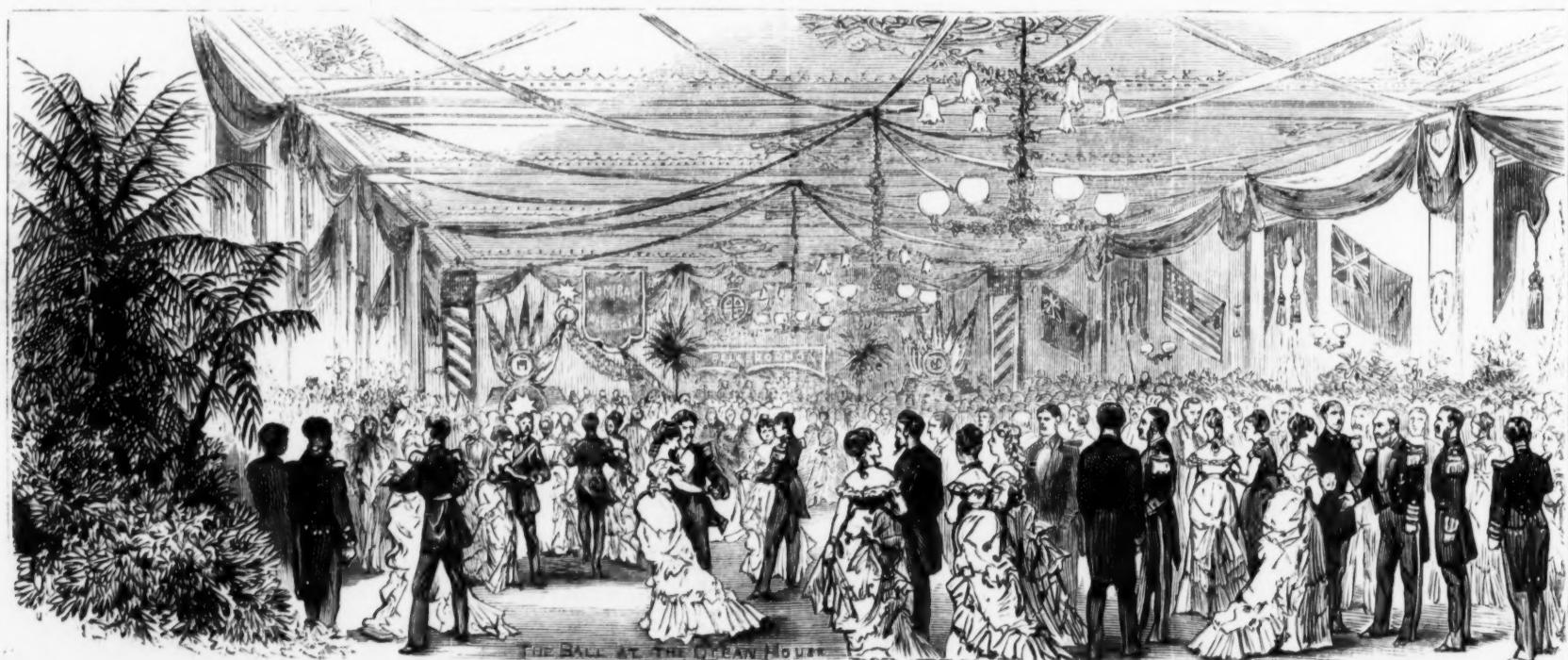
HON. VICTOR E. PIOLETT, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER OF PENNSYLVANIA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TAYLOR & BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 71.



SALUTING THE BELLEROPHON WITH TORPEDOES



VICE-ADmiral GEORGE G. WELLESLEY, C.B.



THE BALL AT THE OCEAN HOUSE

THE VISIT OF VICE-ADmiral WELLESLEY, OF H. M. S. "BELLEROPHON," TO NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEW YORK STATE HOMEOPATHIC SOCIETY.

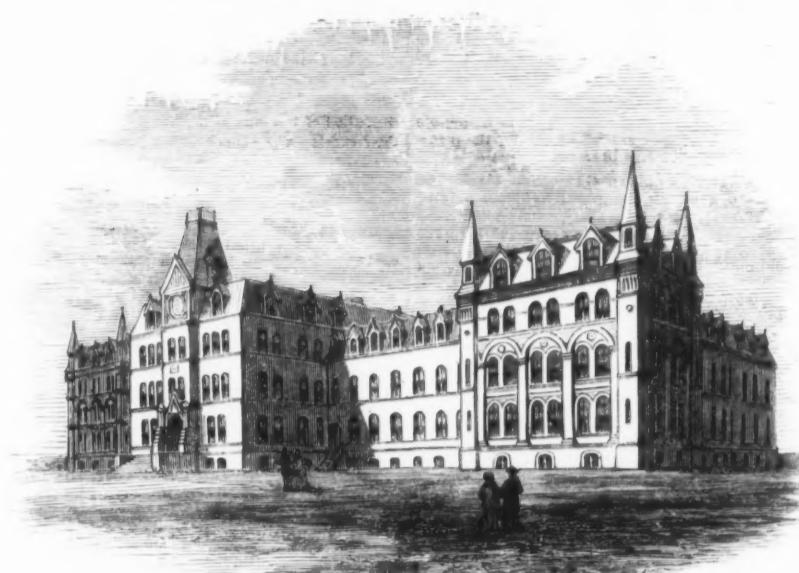
VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL ON WARD'S ISLAND.

THE New York State Homeopathic Society has just held its semi-annual meeting in New York. There were about 100 delegates and members present, representing over twenty county medical societies. The first session—in the Ophthalmic Hospital building, on Tuesday, October 21st—was devoted to the consideration of the recent changes in the management of the Homeopathic Insane Asylum at Middletown.

In the original charter of this institution it was provided that the Board of Trustees should consist of "proper persons who are adherents of Homeopathy, and that there should be twenty-one members in the Board." At the close of the last session of the State Legislature this clause of the charter was amended, reducing the number in the Board to thirteen, and changing the clause "adherents of Homeopathy" to "proper persons." A new Board was formed, in which were gentlemen who cannot be properly called "adherents of Homeopathy."

This action gave offense to many of the members of the homeopathic school, who claim that it was an attempt to divert the only homeopathic asylum for the insane in the United States from the purposes of its founders. After an animated discussion, the Society passed resolutions condemning the action of the Legislature, and asking the repeal of the objectionable clause, and restoring the old phraseology of the charter.

In the afternoon the Society accepted an invitation of the medical staff of the Homeopathic Hospital on Ward's Island to visit the institution. At half-past one the steamer *Minnahnock* started



THE NEW HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL AND ASYLUM ON WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y.

third Street and Third Avenue, where addresses were delivered by Drs. R. C. Moffat, D. P. Wells, John Gray, J. W. Dowling, Verdi, Brown and others.

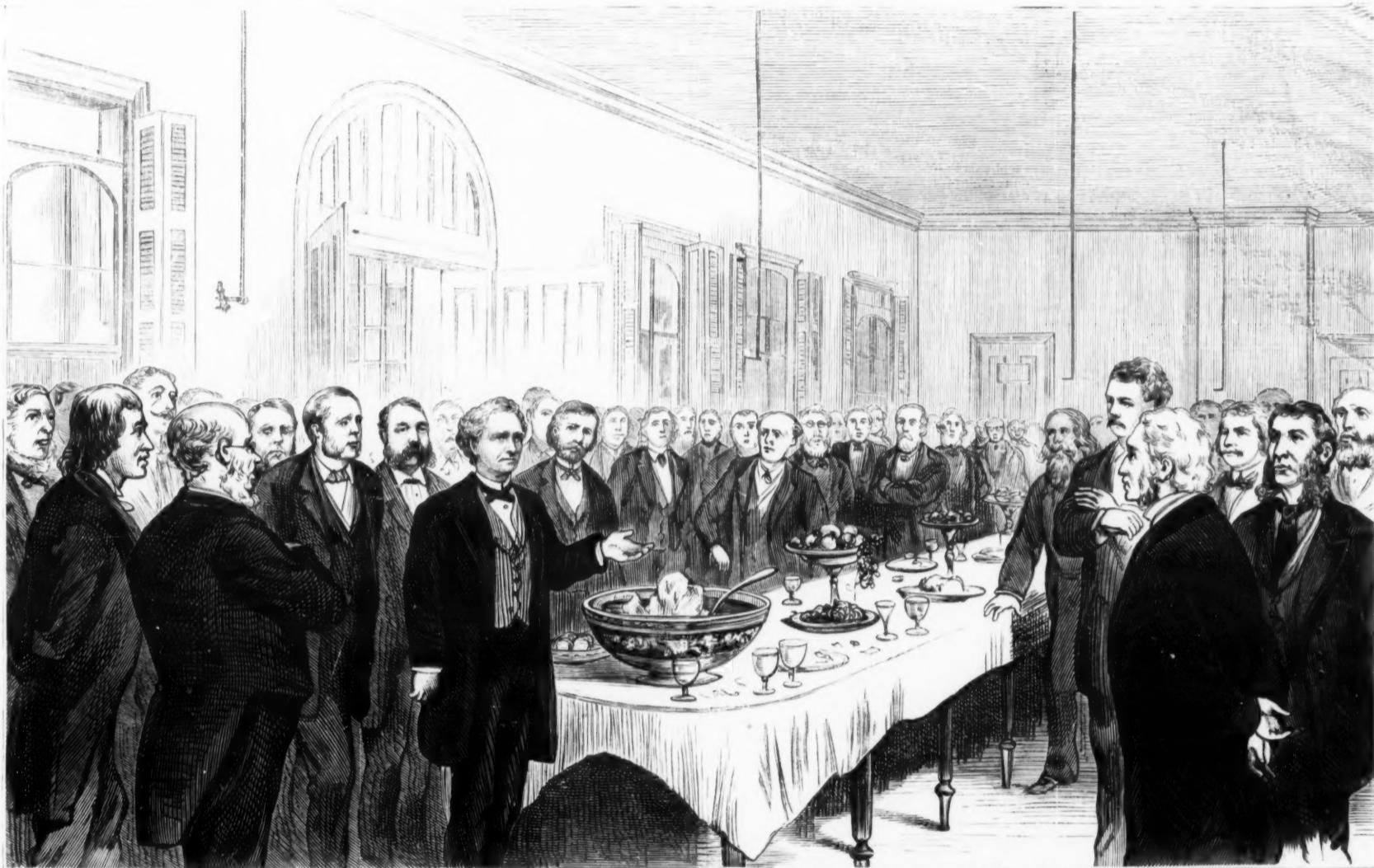
HONORS TO A BRITISH ADMIRAL.

THE "BELLEROPHON" AT NEWPORT.

NEWPORT has had a sensation. The quiet old town that a century ago frankly acknowledged that, if New York continued to increase as rapidly as it was then growing, it would soon rival Newport in wealth and importance, and that shortly after the Revolution gave up all hope of sustaining its position as the commercial metropolis, has been stirred to its centre as never before since the days of '76, when the waters of her harbor were the scene of hostile conflict between His Majesty's vessels-of-war and the little galleys and sloops of the American patriots.

On Saturday, September 1st, Her Majesty's ship *Bellerophon*, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral George Grenville Wellesley, commanding the North American Squadron, entered Newport Harbor, and at eight o'clock in the morning dropped anchor in the outer harbor, near Goat Island. For the first time since the Revolution a British man-of-war was in the harbor; but she came on a different mission, and received a different welcome, than did the British ships *Scarborough* and *Syrenar*, that sailed into the harbor on the 15th of April, 1775, and were received with shot from the batteries upon Brenton's Point and Castle Hill.

The *Bellerophon* is one of the finest vessels in Her Majesty's Navy, and Admiral Wellesley is a distinguished officer. He is a grand-nephew of the famous Duke of Wellington, and cousin of the present duke. Coming in these times of peace



VISIT OF THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STATE HOMEOPATHIC SOCIETY TO THE HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL AND ASYLUM ON WARD'S ISLAND—THE COLLATION.

from Twenty-sixth Street with her medical load and some invited guests.

The hospital on Ward's Island is the building erected in 1869 as an Inebriate Asylum, by the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction. A portion of the building was recently placed in charge of the Homeopathic Faculty as a hospital, but a space is still retained for the Inebriate Asylum, and portion of the building used as a soldiers' retreat.

The visit to the hospital was of great interest to the medical gentlemen, and every facility was afforded them of making a thorough examination of the various departments of the building. A collation was provided for the guests, and the after-dinner speeches gave an opportunity for the expression of much good feeling and congratulation over the great success of Homeopathy in this country since its first introduction here by Hans B. Gram in 1825, just fifty years ago.

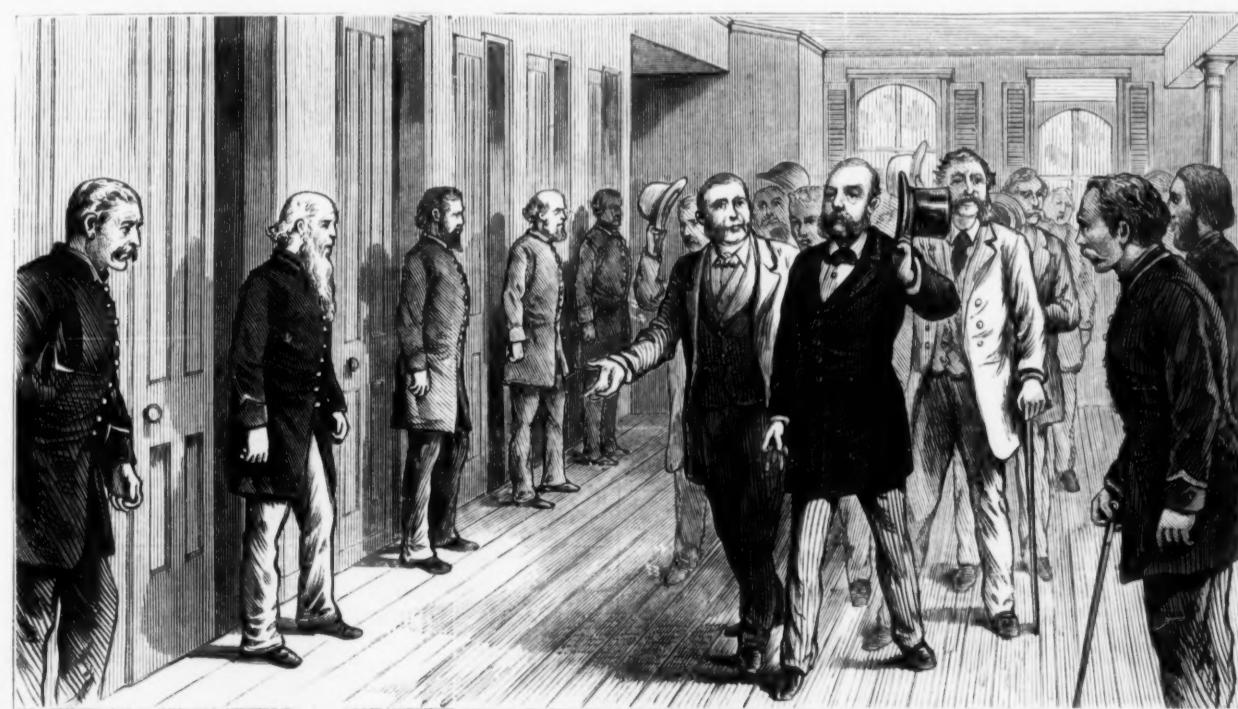
The semi-centennial anniversary was, however, more appropriately celebrated in the evening at the New York Homeopathic College, Twenty-

bearing the flag of the country which, in spite of little difficulties in former times, is still nearest and dearest to us, the *Bellerophon* and all on board of her met with a hearty welcome.

As she let go her anchors she saluted the American flag with twenty-one guns, after which Fort Adams, by order of the commandant, General H. J. Hunt, returned the salute with fifteen guns. At the Torpedo Station, by order of Commandant Breeze, Admiral Wellesley was saluted with fifteen guns, which was returned by the *Bellerophon*.

The booming of the cannon awoke all Newport to the eager preparations of honors for the distinguished guests. Admiral Porter and Commandant Breeze, of the Torpedo Station, were early on board the British vessel, and paid their respects to Admiral Wellesley. At half-past three o'clock in the afternoon Mayor Slocum and the members of the City Government assembled at the Aquidneck House, and formally extended the hospitalities of the city to the Admiral and his officers.

The citizens, govern-



MAYOR WICKHAM AND THE MEMBERS OF THE HOMEOPATHIC SOCIETY PASSING THROUGH THE WARD FOR DISABLED VETERANS OF THE LATE WAR.

NEW YORK—CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF HOMEOPATHY INTO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
AN EXCURSION TO WARD'S ISLAND.

ment and mutual amanities, and with each other in furnishing entertainment for the guests. Drives, sails, clambakes and social reunions in their honor kept Newport in a whirl of excitement during the whole week. We give illustrations of two of the most important events of the week.

On Wednesday a number of torpedo experiments were made by the United States officers in charge of the Torpedo Station. The torpedo-boat *Alarm* was used, and the experiments were made in view of the *Bellerophon*, which was crowded with British and American officers.

The grand ball at the Ocean House, on Wednesday evening, in honor of Vice-Admiral Wellesley, was a brilliant and charming affair. The decorations were elaborate and elegant. The entire front of the building was decorated with flags of all nations and festooned with signal-flags and bunting, with triangular festoons of Chinese lanterns, reaching from the upper to the lower veranda. The Fifth United States Artillery Band performed some excellent music on the arrival of the guests, who entered the hotel by the south entrance. The entry-way was decorated with two gigantic flags of the English and American nations. The entire lower floor of the hotel was devoted to the entertainment of the guests, the dining-room having been transformed into a most delightful ball-room, the entrance of which was draped with English and American flags tastefully intertwined, with the idea of illustrating the friendly intercourse existing between the two nations, the "eagle" holding aloft the folds. The corridors were one continuous flower-garden with exotic plants of every kind, each door being covered with ferns. Everywhere the eye met elegant decorations, and it was simply impossible to suggest any improvement. Entering the ball-room, a profusion of flowers greeted the beholder. The whole of the east end was covered with brilliant allegorical representations of international friendship and good-feeling. "Welcome to our Guests," in large luminous letters, together with the names of the Admiral and the vessel he commands, were conspicuously surrounded by palm-trees and floral wreaths.

The Germania Band, of Boston, discoursed the most delightful music for the dancing. The ladies' parlor was turned into a temporary dining-room, the tables were decorated with a profusion of flowers and fruit. Chief among the former were two gigantic anchors of roses. The supply of the tables was alike abundant and elegant.

A large company of distinguished persons were present, including many United States naval officers. Everywhere appeared uniforms, bright colors and happy faces. The English officers mixed with the Americans freely, dancing with the ladies and chatting with their companions, winning many friends by their easy and graceful manners. None was a greater favorite than Assistant-Paymaster, William Maclean, of the *Bellerophon*, to whom we are personally indebted for courtesies and facilities extended to our artist. It is estimated that there were over 500 guests present, many of whom remained until the last dance upon the programme was over.

NOTES OF THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

DUHME & CO., 4TH AND WALNUT STREETS, CINCINNATI, OHIO, GOLDSMITHS, SILVERSMITHS, AND DIAMOND SETTERS.—This famous Western firm has the most magnificent display of their line of goods in the Exposition. A personal examination of their establishment surprised us greatly, in developing the fact that in the vast variety of its resources it far surpasses those of any house we know of in the East or Europe. It is the most complete store and manufactory of the kind in the world; employs over two hundred skilled operatives, and comprises in its lists of merchandise an infinite variety of every character of material incident to the jeweler's trade. From this stock watchmakers can supply themselves with all kinds of implements, tools and materials required in operating their craft. The SOLID GOLD GOODS, SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY manufactured by Duhme & Co. are singularly beautiful, and composed of unique, rich and elegant designs that can not be surpassed, and the fine qualities of workmanship are incomparable in point of finish, durability and general excellence. Their stock of diamonds and other jewels in charming settings are very attractive. The large variety of patterns, exquisite styles and pleasing forms of the WATCH CASES manufactured in this house invite special attention. We take pleasure in stating that we find their goods, of all classes and reasonable charges, give most enviable reputation to Duhme & Co.

JOHN HOLLAND'S CELEBRATED GOLD PENS, NO. 19 W. FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.—A visit to the store and manufactory of this famous dealer proved to us that it is the best and largest establishment of the kind in the West. It constantly employs over fifty persons, and every department is supplied in thorough detail with the most complete steam appliances, machinery and material necessary to operate the vast enterprise. Every portion of the work incident to the manufacture of this class of goods is done in the factory, and hence it is not only the most perfect establishment of the kind in this country, but the method employed also enables Mr. Holland to sell his goods at prices that are surprising, and compels a large trade. At the Cincinnati Exposition his merchandise has taken all the premiums offered during four successive years, the display being unequalled by any exhibition of the kind that has ever been made. He will have an extraordinarily large, full and attractive exhibition of his products in the Centennial. This gentleman's goods are sold and used in every part of the world. He has more than three-fourths of all the trade in his line in the South and West. During four years he has had the contract for supplying the Departments at Washington with his incomparably excellent goods; and all this record has made his pens and name familiar as household words in every counting-room in the land.

OHIO VALLEY PIANO CO.—While visiting the department of musical instruments, our attention was arrested by the exquisitely charming tones which emanated from a VALLEY GEM. These elegant Pianos are full-sized, seven octaves, in beautiful rosewood cases and having all modern improvements. They are manufactured in Ripley, O., by an establishment which employs one hundred of the best-skilled workmen, and is provided with every appliance necessary to make fine instruments. The materials are of the very best kind. The scale is marvelously perfect. The tone has deliciously sweet, singing, penetrating and expanding qualities, and is firm, prompt and sonorous throughout. The touch is unexcelled in elasticity, answers promptly, is light and singularly easy in action, which features make these pianos perfectly reliable in every point of excellence. On account of location, cheapness of labor and other advantages incident to low cost in manufacturing, the Ohio Valley Piano Co. is enabled to sell at very low rates. The large number of their instruments in use in the West and South give the utmost satisfaction.

tion, having faithfully stood the severest changes of climate, rough transportation, and that most thorough of all tests, hard and constant usage in school. D. H. Baldwin & Co., Cincinnati, O., have the entire management of sales, and by their energy and enterprise have established their value in an enduring manner in the affections of all those who are fortunate enough to possess a VALLEY GEM. This house deals largely in Decker Brothers' Pianos and Estey Organs, and is provided with the best possible facilities in their large establishment for the transaction of their extensive business.

CINCINNATI ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—This institution was opened on Saturday, September 18th, when several thousands of visitors took part in the formalities and ceremonies of the occasion. It owes its success to the energy and capital of a few public-spirited citizens of the Queen City. Chief among these is Mr. Andrew Erkenbrecher, a liberal and successful merchant, who has devoted a large amount of time, labor and money to the enterprise. The plans of the Garden were made in October, 1874, and within a year, the premises, containing sixty-six acres, have been developed into beautifully ornamented grounds. The numerous buildings are of solid and durable materials, splendidly arranged, and supplied with water, steam, and every modern appliance necessary to the proper care of the animals. The Society has expended Two Hundred Thousand Dollars in improvements, etc., incident to receiving the large number of zoological specimens on exhibition. The grounds and buildings make it the second of the kind in size in the world. As a memento of the invaluable services rendered by Mr. Erkenbrecher, the Board of Directors presented him with a magnificent gold-headed cane. Friends to this enterprise are requested to correspond with the Society with regard to sending animals and curiosities suitable to an exhibition of this character. The names of donors will be placed on the cage containing donations, as a testimonial of the courtesy. Mr. Armin Teuner is the General Agent, and Dr. H. Dener, Superintendent.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.—THE MEANS BY WHICH EVERY LADY MAY BECOME HER OWN DRESS-MAKER.—Our new Catalogue of Fall and Winter Fashions is now ready, and contains a rare and beautiful selection of the latest and most acceptable designs for every department of Ladies', Misses', Children's and Youths' Garments, which will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp, post free. Address, "FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, New York City." Also, our large and complete Catalogue, neatly printed on tinted paper, and containing over one hundred pages of illustrated fashions, may be procured at any of our agencies, or at the above address. Price, for paper covers, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents, post-paid. Our handsome Fashion-plate, which is also at hand, reproduces the most elegant Ladies' and Children's costumes for the coming season. Every dressmaker and milliner should avail herself of this splendid opportunity to obtain a truthful and correct idea of the most practical styles, and also of the prevailing shades and colors. Will be mailed to any address for 50 cents in black, and \$1 if colored.

Just Published.—In view of the appreciation and confidence hitherto bestowed on us by our numerous and expectant patrons, we have provided our Fall and Winter Catalogue with additional designs of all the new and late fashions in every department of ladies', misses', youths', children's and infants' garments. Girls' dressing-gowns, shirts, etc., are also reported. We invite especial attention to the elegant simplicity of design in our patterns, their accuracy of proportion, and their economy of time and patience in making. Will mail, post free, on receipt of a three cent stamp, our Fall and Winter Catalogue in a condensed form. Our large and complete Catalogue, printed on tinted paper, and containing over one hundred handsomely illustrated pages, is also ready, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents for paper covers and 75 cents for cloth. Further attractions of art and utility are presented in our Fall and Winter Fashion Plate for 1875-6. Pronounced beautiful, artistic and invaluable to any dressmaker, milliner and merchant. Price, 50 cents, uncolored; \$1 if colored. Address, for any of the above, FRANK LESLIE'S CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, N. Y.

Perfezione Strengthens, Enlarges and Develops all parts of the body, \$1. Nervous Debility Pills, \$1. Postpaid. Dr. VAN HOLM, 22 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalothoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

Darling Little May, "Call Me Home, Mother," and "I Think of Thee," are among the most beautiful songs we have ever heard. They are by the talented young song-writer, Alleen Percy, and published by E. A. SAMUELS, Boston. Price, 30 cents each.

The Big Bonanza—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Transparent Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City.

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Price of a Whole Ticket, \$5, which consists of five \$1 Coupons.

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Which will entitle the holder to admission to the Grand Concert, and to one-fifth of whatever gift may be awarded to the whole ticket number.

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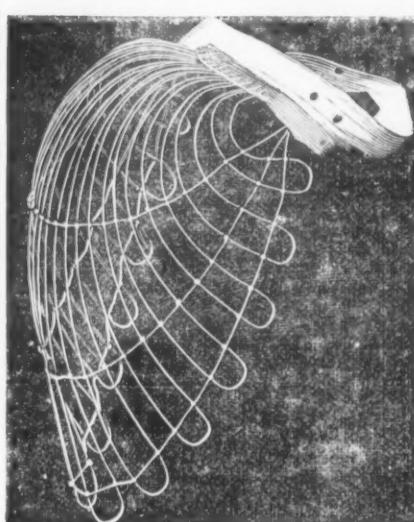
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